

THE
WIDOW
A
COMEDIE.

As it was Acted at the private House
in *Black-Fryers*, with great Applause, by His
late M A J E S T I E S Servants.

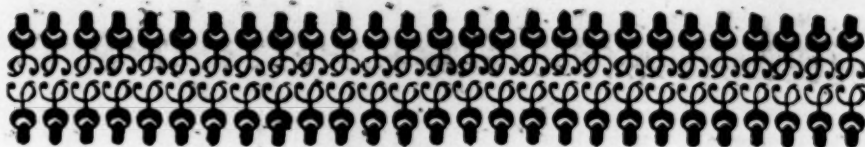
Written by { BEN: JOHNSON.
JOHN FLETCHER. } Gent.
THO: MIDDLETON. }

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* and are to be Sold at his
Shop, at the Sign of the Princes Arms in *St. Pauls*
Church-yard. 1 6 5 2.



To the Reader.

 Onſidering how the curious pay ſome part of their eſteem to excellent perſons in the carefull preſervation but of their defaced ſtatues, inſtead of decayed medals of the Romans greatneſs, I believed it of more value to preſent you this lively piece, drawn by the art of Johnſon, Fletcher, and Middleton, which is thought to have a neer reſemblance to the portraiture we have in Terence of thoſe worthy minds, where the great Scipio and Lælius ſtrove to twiſt the Poets Ivy with the victors Bayes. As the one was deſerv'd by their work in ſubduing their Countries enemies, ſo the other, by their recreation and delight which was to baniſh that folly and ſadneſs, that were worſe than Haniball, or all the monſters and venome of Africa. Since our own Countrymen are not in any thing inferior, It were to be wiſhed, they had but ſo much incouragement, that the paſt licence and abuſes charged on the Stage, might not ever be thought too unpardonable to paſs in oblivion, and ſo good Laws and inſtructions for manners uncapable of being regulated, which if but according to this pattern, certainly none need think himſelf the leſs a good Chriſtian for owning the ſame deſire as

Your humble Servant.

Alexander Gough.



The Persons of the Play.

BRANDINO, *an old Justice.*

MARTINO, *his Clerk.*

FRANCISCO }
ATTILIO. } *2 Gentlemen.*

2 Old men Suters to the Widdow.

RICARDO, *A decayed young Gent. and Suter to the Widdow.*

ANSALDO, MARTIA *disguis'd.*

LATROCINIO }
OCCULTO, }
SILVIO, } *Thieves.*
STRATIO, }
FIDUCIO. }

VALERIA, *The Widow.*

MARTIA, *Daughter to one of the old Suters and supposed a man.*

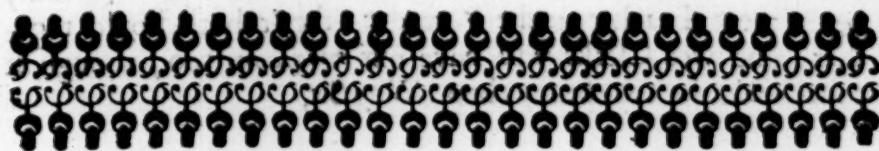
PHILIPPA, *Justice BRANDINO's Wife.*

VIOLETTA, *her waiting Maid.*

Officers.

Servants.

The



The Widdow.

A

COMEDIE.

Actus 1. Scœna 1.

Enter Signior MARTINO (an old Justices Clerk) and FRANCISCO.

Fra. **M** *Artino?* [Table and Standish.]
Mar. Signior Francisco? y'ar the luckiest Gentleman to meet

Or see first in a morning: I never saw you yet
But I was sure of money within less than half an hour.

Fra. I bring you the same luck still.

Mar. What you doe not?

I hope Sir you are not come for an other Warrant?

Fra. Yes faith, for an other Warrant.

Mar. Why ther's my dream come out then. I never dream'd of a buttock but I was sure to have money for a Warrant. It is the luckiest part of all the body to me; let every man speak as he finds. Now your Usurer is of opinion, that to dream of the Devill is your weakhier dream; and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the Devill, 'tis as good; and has all one smatch indeed; for if one be the flesh, th'others the

B

broth:

broth : So 'tis in all his members and we mark it ; if Gluttony be the meat, Leachery is the Porridge, they'r both boyld together, and wee Clerks will have our *modicum* too, though it conclude in the two penny chop : Why Sir,

Signior Francisco.

Fra. 'Twas her voice sure,
Or my soul takes delight to think it was,
And makes a sound like hers.

Mar. Sir, I beseech you.

Fra. It is the prettiest contriv'd building, this :
What Poesie's that I prethee ?

Mar. Which Sir, that
Under the great brais Squirt ?

Fra. I that Sir, that

Mar. From fire, from water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest Justice ?

Fra. Ther's like to be a good house kept then, when fire and
water's forbidden to come into the Kitchen.

Not yet a sight of hir ? this hour's unfortunate.

And what's that yonder prethee ? O loves famine,
Ther's no affliction like thee. I, I hear you Sir.

Mar. Y'ar quicker ear'd than I then : you hear me
Before I heard my self.

Fra. A gift in friendship
Some call it an instinct.

Mar. It may be
Th' other's the sweeter phrase though ; Look you Sir,
Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as turtle ;
A Goose quill and a Clerk, a Constable and a Lanthorn,
Brings many a Baud from Coach to Cart, and many a Thief to
one turn.

Fra. That one turn helpt you well.

Mar. 'Tas helpt me to money indeed for many a Warrant.
I am 40. dollars the better for that one-turn ; and 'twould come
off quicker 'twere nere a whit the worse for me. But indeed when
Thieves are taken, and break away twice or thrice one after an
other, ther's my gains ; then goes out more Warrants to fetch'em
agen : one fine nimble villain, may be worth a man ten dollars
in and out a that fashion ; I love such a one with my heart, I, and
will

will help him to scape to, and I can; hear you me that: Ile have him in at all times at a months warning: nay, say I let him run like a Summer Nag all the Vacation: See you these blancks, Ile send him but one of these bridles, and bring him in at Michaelmas with a vengeance: nothing kills my heart, but when one of 'em dyes Sir; then ther's no hope of more money: I had rather lose at all times two of my best kindred, than an excellent Thief: for hee's a Gentleman I'm more beholding to.

Fra. You betray your mystery too much Sir. Yet no comfort? 'Tis but her sight that I waste precious time for, For more I cannot hope for, she's so strict, Yet that I cannot have.

Mar. I'm ready now Signior. Here are blanck Warrants of all dispositions, give me but the name and nature of your Malefactor, and Ile bestow him according to his merits.

Fra. This only is th' excuse that bears me out, And keeps off impudence and suspicion From my too frequent comming: what name now Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house? This Coxcomb wilbe prating.—One *Astilio*, His offence wilfull murder.

Mar. Wilfull murder? oh I love a life to have such a fellow come under my fingers; like a begger that's long a taking leave of a fat lowce. I'm loth to part with him, I must look upon him over and over first; are you wilfull? y'faith, ile be as wilfull as you then.

Phil. *Martino?*

(*Philippa and Violetta at a Window.*)

Mar. Mistrisse?

Phil. Make haste, your Master's going.

Mar. I'm but about a wilfull murder forsooth, Ile dispatch that presently.

Phil. Good morrow Sir: oh that I durst say more.

Fra. 'Tis gone agen, since; such are all lifes pleasures, No sooner known, but lost; he that enjoys 'em The length of life, has but a longer dream, He wakes to this i'th end, and sees all nothing.

Phil. He cannot see me now; ile mark him better Before I be too rash: sweetly compos'd he is; Now as he stands, he's worth a womans love,

That loves only for shape, as most on's doe :
 But I must have him wise, as well as proper,
 He comes not in my Books else, and indeed
 I have thought upon a course to try his wit : *Viola.*

Viol. Mistrisse.

Phil. Yonders the Gentleman agen.

Viol. Oh sweet Mistrisse

Pray give me leave to see him.

Phil. Nay take heed,

Open not the window and you love me.

Viol. No, I've the view of whole body here, Mistrisse,

At this pore little slit, oh enough, enough,
 In troth 'tis a fine out-side.

Phil. I see that.

Viol. Has curld his hair most judiciously well.

Phil. I ther's thy love, now, it begins in barbarism : she buys
 a Goose with feathers, that loves a Gentleman for's hair ; she
 may be cozend to her face Wench. Away : he takes his leave.
 Reach me that letter hither, quick, quick Wench.

Mar. Nay look upon't, and spare not : every one cannot get
 that kind of Warrant from me *Signior*. Doe you see this prick
 i'th bottom, it betokens powr and speed, it is a privy mark, that
 runs betwixt the Constables and my Mr. Those that cannot read,
 when they see this, know 'tis for Leacherie or Murder, and this
 being away, the Warrant comes gelded, and insufficient.

Fra. I thank you Sir,

Mar. Look you ; all these are *Nihils*,
 They want the punction.

Fra. Yes, I see they doe Sir,

Ther's for thy pains, mine must goe unrewarded.
 The better love, the worse by fate regarded.

Exit.

Mar. Well, goe thy wayes, for the sweetest Costomer that
 ever Penman was blest withall : now will he come for an other
 to morrow agen ; if he hold on this course, he will leave never a
 knave i'th town within this twelve month : no matter, I shall be
 rich enough by that time.

Phil. *Martino*?

Mar. Say you forsooth.

Phil. What paper's that the Gentleman let fall there?

Mar. Paper ? 'Tis the Warrant I hope ; if it be idle hide it, and
 make

The VViddow.

5

make him pay for't agen. No Pox : 'tis not so happy.

Phil. What i't Sirrah?

Mar. 'Tis nothing but a letter forsooth.

Phil. Is that nothing?

Mar. Nothing, in respect of a Warrant Mistrifs.

Phil. A letter? why 'tas been many a mans undoing Sir.

Mar. So has a Warrant, and you goe to that Mistrifs.

Phil. Read but the superscription; and away with't:

Alas it may concern the Gentleman neerly.

Mar. Why Mistrifs, this letter is at home already.

Phil. At home, how mean your Sir?

Mar. You shall hear Mistrifs. *To the deservingst of all her Sex, and most worthie of his best respect and love, Mrs. Philippa Brandino.*

Phil. How Sir, to me?

Mar. To you Mistrifs.

Phil. Run, as thou lov'st my honour, and thy life,
Call him agen, Ile not endure this injury:
But stay, stay now I think on't, 'tis my credit,
Ile have your Masters Counsell: ah base fellow
To leave his loose lines thus; 'tis even as much
As a poor honest Gentlewomans undoing,
Had I not a grave wiseman to my Husband:
And thou a vigilant varlet to admit
Thou car'st not whom

Mar. 'Las 'tis my office Mistrifs.
You know you have a Kirtle every year,
And 'tis within two months of the time now,
The velvets comming over: pray be milder; a man that has a
place must take money of any body: please you to throw me
down but half a dollar, and Ile make you a warrant for him
now, that's all I care for him.

Phil. Well, look you be cleer now from this foul conspiracie
Against mine honour; or your Masters love to you
That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here;
It shall not: trust to't. — *Exit.*

Mar. This is strange to me now:
Dare she doe this, and but eight weeks to New-years tide?
A man that had his blood as hot as hers now, would fit her with
French Velvet: Ile goe neer it.

Phil. If this be a wrong to modest reputation
Be you the censurer Sir, that are the Master
Both of your fame and mine.

Bran. Signior *Francisco*?
Ile make him fly the land.

Mar. That will be hard Sir;
I think he be not so well feather'd Master,
H'as spent the best part of his patrimonie.

Phil. Hark of his bold confederate.

Bran. There thou'r't bitter;
And I must chide thee now.

Phil. What should I think Sir?
He comes to your man for Warrants.

Brand. There it goes then;
Come hither knave: Comes he to you for Warrants?

Mar. Why, what of that Sir?
You know I give no Warrants to make Cuckolds,
That comes by fortune, and by nature Sir.

Bran. True, that comes by fortune, and by nature; Wife
Why do'st thou wrong this man?

Mar. He needs no Warrant Master, that goes about such business, a Cuckold-maker carries always his warrant about him.

Bran. La: has he answered well now? to the full?
What cause hast thou t' abuse him?

Phil. Hear me out I pray:
Through his admittance, h'as had opportunitie
To come into the house, and court me bodily.

Bran. Sirrah, y'ar foul agen me thinks.

Mar. Who I Sir?

Bran. You gave this man admittance intoth' house.

Mar. That's true Sir, you never gave me any order yet
To write my Warrants ich' street.

Bran. Why sure thou tak'st delight to wrong this fellow, Wife:
Hah, cause I love him.

Phil. Pray see the fruits: see what has left behind here:
Be angry where you should be: there's few Wives
Would doe as I doe

Bran. Nay Ile say that for thee
I ac'r found thee but honest.

Phil. She's a beast

[Enter *Bran-*
dino (*the Ju-*
stice) and
[*Philippa*.

That

That ever was found otherwayes.

Bran. Read *Martino*,

Mine eyes are sore already, and such business
Would put 'em out quite

Mar. Fair, dear and incomparable Mistrisse, —

Bran. Oh! every letter draws a tooth me thinks.

Mar. And it leads mine to watring

Phil. Here's no villanie?

Mar. My love being so violent, and the opportunitie
so pretious in your husbands absence to night, who as I under-
stand takes a journey this morning.

Bran. Oh plot of villany.

Phil. Am I honest think you Sir?

Bran. Exactly honest, perfectly improov'd: on, on *Martino*.

Mar. I will make bold dear Mistrisse, though your
chastity has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessings
of this long desired opportunitie, at the back gate, between nine
and ten this night.

Bran. I feel this Ius-a-Court man in my Temples.

Mar. Where if your affection bee pleas'd to receive me,
you receive the faithfulest that ever vow'd service to wo-
man — *Francisco*.

Bran. I will make *Francisco* smart for't.

Phil. Shew him the letter, let him know, you know him,
That will torment him: all your other courses
Are nothing Sir to that: that breaks his heart.

Bran. The strings shall not hold long then: Come *Martino*.

Phil. Now if *Francisco* have any wit at all,
He comes at night; if not, he never shall. *Exeunt.*

*Scena. 2. Enter FRANCISCO and RI-
CARDO and ATTILIO.*

Ric. Nay mark, mark it *Francisco*: It was the naturalest cur-
tesie that ever was ordaind; A young Gentleman being spent,
to have a rich Widow set him up agen: to see how fortune has
provided for all mortalities ruins; your College for your old
standing Scholer, your Hospitall for your lame creeping Souldier,
your Baud for your mangled Rorer, your open house for your
Beggard, and your Widow for your Gentleman: ha *Francisco*?

Fra. I Sir, you may be merry: you'r in hope of a rich Widow.

Ric.

Ric. And why shouldst not thou be in hope of an other, if there were any spirit in thee, thou art as likely a fellow as any is in the company. Ile be hang'd now if I doe not hit the true cause of thy sadness; and confels truly y'faith; thou hast some land unfold yet, I hold my life.

Fra. Mary I hope so Sir.

Ric. A Pox ont, have I found it? 'sight away with't with all speed man. I was never merry at heart while I had a foot: why man, Fortune never minds us, till we are left alone to our selves: for what need she take care for them, that doe nothing but take care for themselves? why, do'st think if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have look'd after a rich Widow? alas, I should have married some poor young Maid, got five and twenty children, and undone my self.

Fra. I protest Sir, I should not have the face though, to come to a rich Widow with nothing

Ric. Why, art thou so simple, as thou mak'st thy self? do'st think y'faith I come to a rich Widow with nothing?

Fra. I mean with state not answerable to hers.

Ric. Why ther's the fortune, man, that I talkd on; She knows all this, and yet I am welcome to her.

Fra. I, that's strange Sir.

Ric. Nay more to pierce thy hard heart, and make thee sell thy land if thou'lt any grace: she has 'mongst others two substantiall Suters,

One, in good time bee't spoke, I owe much money to,
She knows this too, and yet I'm welcome to her,
Nor dares the unconscionable Rascall trouble me;
Sh'as told him thus, those that profess love to her
Shall have the libertie to come and goe,
Or else get him gone first; she knows not yet
Where fortune may bestow her, she's her gift,
Therefore to all will shew a kind respect.

Fra. Why this is like a woman: I ha' no luck in't.

Ric. And as at a Sheriffs table, O blest custome,
A poor indebted Gentleman may dine,
Feed well, and without fear, and depart so,
So to her lips, fearless I come, and goe?

Fra. You may well boast, y'ar much the happier man Sir

Ric. So you would be, and you would sell your land Sir

Fra.

Fra. I have heard the circumstance of your sweet fortunes :
Prethee give ear to my unlucky tale now.

Ric. That's an ill hearing; but come on for once Sir.

Fra. I never yet lov'd but one Woman.

Ric. Right, I begun so too; but I have lov'd a thousand since.

Fra. Pray hear me Sir; but this is a mans wife.

Ric. So has five hundred of my thousand been.

Fra. Nay see and you'l regard me.

Ric. No? you see I doe,

I bring you an example in for every thing.

Fra. This mans wife

Ric. So you said.

Fra. Seems very strict

Ric. Ha, humh.

Fra. Doe you laugh at that?

Ric. Seems very strict you said,

I hear you man, y'faith you are so jealous still.

Fra. But why should that make you laugh?

Ric. Because she seems so: you'r such an other--

Fra. Nay Sir, I think she is.

Ric. You cannot tell then.

Fra. I dare not aske the question I protest
For fear of a repulse, which yet not having,
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope still.

Ric. Ha, hum: this 'tis to be a landed man. Come, I perceive
I must show you a little of my fortune, and instruct you :
Not aske the question?

Fra. Me thought still she fround Sir?

Ric. Why that's the cause fool, that she look'd so scurvily.
Come, come, make me your woman, you'l ne'r do't elie,
He shew you her condition presently.

I perceive you must begin like a young Vaulter, and get up at
horse-tail, before you get into the saddle; have you the boldness
to utter your mind to me now, being but in hose and doubler?
I think if I should put on a Farthingale, thou wouldst never have
the heart to do't.

Fra. Perhaps I should not then for laughing at you Sir.

Ric. In the mean time I fear I shall laugh at thee without one.

Fra. Nay you must think friend, I dare speak to a woman.

Ric. You shall pardon me for that friend; I will not think it,
till I see't.

Era. Why you shall then : I shalbe glad to learn too,
Of one so deep as you are.

Ric. So you may Sir ; Now 'tis my bestcourse to look mildly,
I shall put him out at first else.

Era. A word, sweet Lady.

Ric. With me Sir ? say your pleasure.

Era. O Ricardo,

Thou art too good to be a woman long.

Ric. Doe not find fault with this, for fear I prove
Too scornfull, be content when y^ear well us'd.

Era. You say well Sir. Lady I have lov'd you long.

Ric. 'Tis a good hearing Sir. If he be not out now ile be hang'd.

Era. You play a scornfull woman ? I perceive Ricardo,
You have not been us'd to 'em : why ile come in at my pleasure
with you : alas 'tis nothing for a man to talk, when a woman
gives way too't : one shall seldome meet with a Lady so kind, as
thou playdst her.

Ric. Not altogether perhaps : he that draws their pictures
must flatter 'em a little, they'l look he that plays 'em should doo't
a great deal then.

Era. Come, come ile play the woman, that I'm us'd too,
I see you ne'r wore shooe that pinch't you yet,
All your things comes on easie.

Ric. Say you so Sir?

He try your Ladiship's faith : Lady well met.

Era. I doe not think so Sir.

Ric. A scornfull Gom,

And at the first dash too : my Widow never gave me such an answer,
ile to you agen Sir.

Fairest of creatures, I doe love thee infinitely.

Era. Ther's no body bids you Sir.

Ric. Pox on thee thou art the beastliest cross'est Baggage that ever
man met withall ; but ile see thee hang'd sweet Lady ere I be
daunted with this : why thou'rt too awkward Sirha.

Era. Hang thee baste fellow.

Ric. Now by this light, he thinks he do'st indeed,
Nay then have at your plumb-tree faith, ile not be foild,
Though you seem to be careles Madam, as you have enough wher-
with all to be, yet I doe, must, and will love you.

Era. Sir, if you begin to be rude, ile call my woman.

Ric.

Ric. What a pestilent Queans this ? I shall have much adoe with her I see that ; tell me as y'ar a woman Lady, what serve kisses for ? but to stop all your mouths.

Fra. Hold, hold *Ricardo*.

Ric. Disgrace me VVidow.

Fra. Ait mad, I'm *Francisco* ?

Atta. Signior *Ricardo*, up, up.

Ric. VVho is't *Francisco* ?

Fra. *Francisco* quoth a ? what are you mad Sir ?

Ric. A bots on thee, thou do'lt not know what injury thou hast done me, I was i'th' fairest dream, this is your way now, and you can follow it.

Fra. 'Tis a strange way me thinks.

Ric. Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully then, For I am like the Actor that you spoke on, I must have the part that overcomes the Lady, I never like the Play else. ——— Now your friendship, But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on, And the rich VVidows mine within these three hours.

Att. Fra. VVe should be proud of that Sir.

Ric. List to me then.

Ile place you too, I can do't handsomly
I know the house so well, to hear the conference
'Twixt her and I, she's a most affable one,
Her words will give advantage, and ile urge 'em
To the kind proof, to catch her in a Contract,
Then shall you both step in as witnesses,
And take her in the snare.

Fra. But doe you love hir ?
And then 'twill prosper.

Ric. By this hand I doe,
Not for her wealth, but for her person too.

Fra. It shalbe done then.

Ric. But stay, stay *Francisco*,
Where shall we meet with thee some two hours hence now ?

Fra. Why hark you Sir.

Ric. Enough, command my life,
Get me the widow, ile get thee the wife. [*Exit Ricardo & Attalio.*]

Fra. Oh that's now with me past hope; yet I must love her,
I would I could not do't.

[*Enter Brandino and Martino.*]

Mar. Yonder's the villain Master.

Bran. *Francisco* ; I am happy.

Mar. Let's both draw Mr. for ther's no body with him; Stay, stay Mr.

Doe not you draw till I be ready too,

Let's draw juſt both together, and keep ev'n.

Bran. What and we kill'd him now, before he ſaw us ?

Mar. No, then he will hardly ſee to read the letter.

Bran. That's true : good counſell marry.

Mar. Marry thus much Sir,

You may kill him lawfully, all the while he's a reading on't, as an Anabaptiſt may lie with a Brothers wife, all the while he's a ſleep.

Bran. He turns ; he looks : Come on Sir, you, *Francisco*,

I lov'd your father well, but you'r a villain:

He lov'd me well too ; but you love my wife Sir,

After whom take you that ? I will not ſay

Your Mother plaid falſe.

Fra. No Sir, you were not beſt.

Bran. But I will ſay, in ſpight of thee, my wife's honeſt.

Mar. And I, my Miſtriſs.

Fra. You may, ile give you leave.

Bran. Leave, or leave not, there, ſhe deſies you Sir ;

Keep your adulterous ſheet to wind you in,

Or cover your forbidden parts at leaſt,

For fear you want one; many a leacher may

That ſins in Cambrick now.

Mar. And in Lawn too Maſter.

Bran. Nay read, and tremble Sir.

Mar. Now ſhall I do't Mr ? I ſee a piece of an open ſeam in his Shirt, ſhall I run him in there, for my Sword has ne'r a point.

Bran. No, let him foam a while.

Mar. If your Sword be no better than mine, we ſhall not kill him by daylight, we had need have a Lanthorn.

Bran. Talk not of Lanthorns, he's a ſturdy Lecher, He would make the horns fly about my ears.

Fra. I apprehend thee : admirable woman, Which to love beſt I know not ; thy wit, or beauty.

Bran. Now Sir, have you well viewd your baſtard there, Got of your luſtfull brain ? 'give you joy on't.

Fra. I thank you Sir, although you ſpeak in jeſt,

I must confels, I sent your wife this letter,
And often courted her, tempted, and urg'd her.

Bran. Did you so Sir?

Then first before I kill thee, I for-warn thee my house.

Mar. And I before I kill thee, for-warn thee my office; dye to-morrow next, thou never getst Warrant of me more, for love, or money.

Fra. Remember but agen, from whence I came Sir,
And then I know you cannot think amiss of me.

Bran. How's this?

Mar. Pray hear him: it may grow to a peace:
For Mr. though we have carried the businels nobly, we are not altogether so valiant as we should be.

Bran. Peace, thou sayst true in that: what is't you'ld say Sir?

Fra. Was not my Father, (quietness be with him)
And you sworn Brothers?

Bran. Why Right: that's it urges me.

Fra. And could you have a thought that I could wrong you,
As far as the deed goes?

Bran. You took the course Sir.

Fra. To make you happy, and you rightly weighd it.

Mar. Troth ile put up at all adventures Mr.
It comes off very fair yet.

Fra. You in years
Married a young Maid: what do's the world judge think you?

Mar. Birlady Mr. knavishly enough I warrant you,
I should doe so my self.

Fra. Now to damp slander,
And all her envious and suspitious brood,
I made this friendly tryall of her constancy,
Being Son to him you lov'd; that now confirm'd
I might advance my Sword against the world
In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit.

Mar. Oh Mr. let me weep while you embrace him.

Bran. *Francisco*; is thy fathers soul in thee?
Lives he here still? what, will he shew himself
In his male seed to me? give me thy hand,
Me thinks it feels now like thy fathers to me,
Prethee forgive me.

Mar. And me to, prethee.

Bran. Come to my house, thy father never miss'd it.

Mar. Fetch now as many Warrants as you please Sir,
And welcome too.

Fra. To see how soon mans goodness
May be abus'd.

Bran. But now I know thy intent
Welcome to all that I have.

Fra. Sir, I take it :

A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it. *Exit.*

Bran. Martino, I applaud my fortune, and thy Counsell.

Mar. You never have ill fortune when you follow it.
Here was things carried now, in the true nature of a quiet Duello ;
A great strife ended, without the rough Souldier, or the —
And now you may take your journey.

Bran. Thou art my glee *Martino.* *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus 2. Scena I.

*Enter VALERIA the Widow
and a Servant.*

Val. *Servellio.*

Ser. *Mistris.*

Val. If that fellow come agen,
Answer him without me : ile not speak with him.

Ser. He in the Nutmeg colourd band forsooth.

Val. I, that spic'd-Coxcomb Sir : Never may I marry agen
If his right worshipfull idolatrous face
Be not most fearfully painted, painted, so hope comfort me,
I might perceive it peel in many places,
And under's eye, lay a betraying fowlness,
As Maids sweep dust o'th' house, all to one corner,
It shewd me enough there, prodigious pride
That cannot but fall scornfully. I'm a woman,
Yet I praise heaven, I never had the ambition
To goe about to mend a better Workman,
She ever shames her self i'th' end, that do's it.
He that likes me not now, as heaven made me,

I will never hazard hell to doe him a pleasure;
Nor lye every night like a Woodcock in past
To please some gaudy Goose i'th' morning :
A wise man likes that best, that is it self,
Not that which onely seems, though it look fairer ;
Heaven send me one that loves me, and I'm happy,
Of whom ile make great tryall ere I have him,
Though I speak all men fair, and promise sweetly,
I learn that of my Suitors, 'tis their own,
Therefore injustice 'twere to keep it from 'em.

Enter R I C A R D O.

Ric. And so as I said sweet Widow.

Val. Doe you begin where you left Sir ?

Ric. I alwaies desire when I come to a Window, to begin i'th' middle of a sentence, for I presume she has a bad memory of a woman that cannot remember what goes before.

Val. Stay, stay Sir, let me look upon you well,
Are not you painted too ?

Ric. How, painted, Widow ?

Val. Not painted Widow, I doe not use it trust me Sir.

Ric. That makes me love thee.

Val. I mean painted Gentleman,
Or if you please to give him a greater stile Sir ;
Blame me not Sir, its a dangerous age I tell you,
Poor simple dealing women had need look about 'em.

Ric. But is there such a fellow in the world, Widow,
As you are pleas'd to talk on ?

Val. Nay, here lately Sir.

Ric. Here ? a Pox, I think I smell him, 'tis Vermillion sure, has oil of Ben, doe but show him me Widow, and let me never hope for comfort, if I doe not immediatly gueld him, and grind his face upon one o'th' stones.

Val. Suffices y'have exprest me your love and valour, and manly hate against that unmanly pride : but Sir, ile save you that labour, he never comes within my dore agen.

Ric. Ile love your dore the better while I know't Widow ; a pair of such Brothers were fitter for Postes without dore indeed, to make a shew at a new-chosen Magistrates gate, than to be us'd in a Womans Chamber : No, sweet Widow, having me, y'have
the

the truth of a man, all that you see of me, is full mine own, and what you see, or not see, shall be yours : I ever hated to be beholding to art, or to borrow any thing but money.

Val. True, and that you never use to pay agen.

[*Francisco and Attilio : stand unseen.*]

Ric. What matter i'th if you be pleas'd to do't

For me, I hold it as good.

Val. Oh, soft you Sir I pray.

Ric. Why 'yfaith you may and you will.

Val. I know that Sir.

Ric. Troth, and I would have my will then if I were as you. Ther's few women else but has.

Val. But since I cannot hav't in all Signior, I care not to have it in any thing.

Ric. Why you may hav't in all, and you will Widow.

Val. Pish, I would have one that loves me for my self Sir, Not for my wealth : and that I cannot have.

Ric. What say you to him that do's the thing you wish for ?

Val. Why here's my hand, ile marry none but him then.

Ric. Your hand, and faith.

Val. My hand, and faith.

Ric. 'Tis I then.

Val. I shalbe glad on't trust me : shrew my heart else.

Ric. A match.

Fra. Give you joy, sweet Widow.

[*Enter Francisco and Attilio.*]

At. Joy to you both.

Val. How ?

Ric. Nay, ther's no starting now, I have you fast Widow, You'r witness Gentlemen.

Fra. Att. Wee'l be depos'd on't.

Val. Am I betraid to this then ? then I see 'Tis for my wealth ; a womans wealth's her Traitour.

Ric. 'Tis for love chiefly, I protest sweet Widow, I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.

Val. Hence.

Ric. Why thou'rt mine.

Val. I doe renonunce it utterly.

Ric. Have I not hand and faith ?

Val. Sir, take your course.

Ric. With all my heart ; ten courses and you will Widow.

Val. Sir, Sir, I'm not so gamefome as you think me,

He

Ile stand you out by law.

Ric. By Law? O cruell mercileſs woman,
To talk of law, and know I have no money.

Val. I will conſume my ſelf to the laſt ſtamp,
Before thou gett'ſt me.

Ric. 'Liſe, ile be as wilfull then too: Ile rob all the Carriers
in Chriſtendome, but ile have thee, and find my Lawyers money:
I ſcorn to get thee under *forma pauperis*,
I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.

Val. As for you Gentlemen, ile take courſe againſt you;
You came into my houſe without my leave;
Your practices are cunning, and deceitfull;
I know you not, and I hope law will right me.

Ric. It is ſufficient that your husband knows 'em,
'Tis not your buſineſs to know every man,
An honeſt wife contents her ſelf with one.

Val. You know what you ſhall truſt to, pray depart Sir,
And take your rude confederates along with you,
Or I will ſend for thoſe ſhall force your abſence:
I'm glad I found your purpoſe out ſo ſoon.
How quickly may poor women be undone.

Ric. Loſe thee? by this hand ile ſee fifteen Counſellours
firſt, though I undoe a hundred poor men for 'em, and ile make
'em yaul one an other deaf, but ile have thee.

Val. Me?

Ric. Thee.

Val. I, fret thy heart out.

Exit.

Fra. Were I he now

Il'd ſee thee ſtarve for man before I had thee.

Val. Pray counſell him to that Sir, and ile pay you well.

Fra. Pay me? pay your next husband.

Val. Doe not ſcorn't gallant: a worſe woman than I,
Has paid a better man than you.

Enter two old Suiters.

I Why how now ſweet Widow?

Val. Oh kind Gentlemen,
I am ſo abus'd here.

Ambo. Abus'd?

Val. What will you doe Sirs? put up your weapons.

Suiter. Nay, they'r not ſo eaſily drawn, that I muſt tell you
D mine

you, mine has not been out this three ears; mary in your cause Widow, 'twould not be long a drawing. Abus'd? by whom Widow?

Val. Nay, by a begger.

2 Suiter. A begger? Ile have him whipt then, and sent to the house of Correction.

Val. Ricardo Sir.

2 Suiter. Ricardo? nay by'th' masse, he's a Gentleman begger, he'l be hang'd before he be whipt. Why you'l give me leave to claphim up I hope?

Val. 'Tis too good for him; that's the thing he would have, He would be clapt up whether I would or no methinks; Plac'd two of his companions privatly, Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me In my kind answers, and at last stole from me, That which I fear will put me to some trouble, A kind of verball curtesie, which his witnesses And he forsooth call by the name of contract.

1 Suiter. O politicke villain,

Val. But I am resolv'd Gentlemen, If the whole power of my estate can cast him, He never shall obtain me.

2 Suiter. Hold you there Widow, Well fare your heart for that y'faith.

1 Suiter. Stay, stay, stay, You broke no gold between you?

Val. We broke nothing Sir.

1 Suiter. Nor drunck to one an other?

Val. Not a drop Sir.

1 Suiter. Y'ar sure of this you speak?

Val. Most certain Sir.

1 Suiter. Be of good comfort wench, ile undertake them At mine own charge to overthrow him for thee.

Val. O doe but that Sir, and you bind me to you, Here shall I try your goodness. I'm but a woman, And alas, ignorant in Law busineses, Ile bear the charge most willingly.

1 Suiter. Not a penny, Thy love will reward me.

Val. And where love must be,

It is all but one purse now I think on't.

1 *Suiter*. All comes to one, sweet Widow.

2 *Suiter*. Are you so forward?

1 *Suiter*. I know his mates *Attilio* and *Francisco*,
Ile get out process and and attach 'em all,
Wee'l begin first with them.

Val. I like that, strangely.

1 *Suiter*. I have a daughter run away I thank her,
Ile be a scourge to all youth for her sake :
Some of 'em has got her up.

Val. Your daughter? what Sir? *Martia*.

1 *Suiter*. I, a shake wed her,
I would have married her to a wealthie Gentleman,
No older than my self, she was like to be shrewdly hurt Widow.

Val. It was too happy for her.

1 *Suiter*. I'm of thy mind.

Farewell sweet Widow, ile about this strait,
Ile have 'em all three put into one Writ,
And so save charges.

Val. How I love your providence. *Exit. 1 Suiter.*

2 *Suiter*. Is my Nose board? Ile cross ye both for this,
Although it cost me as much o'th'other side,
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
I may get out of her, what may undoe her too ;
Hark you sweet Widow, you must now take heed,
You be of a sure ground, hee'l overthrow your else.

Val. Marry fair hope forbid.

2 *Suiter*. That will he : mary le'me see, le'me see : pray how
far past it between you and *Ricardo*?

Val. Farther Sir

Than I would now it had, but I hope well yet.

2 *Suiter*. Pray let me hear't : I've a shrewd gheffe o'th' Law.

Val. Faith Sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith
To marry none but him.

2 *Suiter*. Indeed?

Val. I, trust me Sir.

2 *Suiter*. I'm very glad on't, I'm an other witness,
And he shall have you now.

Val. What said you Sir.

2 *Suiter*. He shall not want money in an honest cause Wi-
dow,

I know I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Val. Are all the world betrayers.

2 Sister. Pish, pish, Widow.

Y'have borne me in hand this three months, and now fobd me
I've known the time when I could please a woman,
He not be laught at now; when I'm crost, I'm a Tiger;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Val. This only shows your malice to me Sir,
The world knows you ha' small reason to help him,
So much in your debt already.

2 Sister. Therefore I do't,

I have no way but that to help my self;
Though I lose you, I will not lose all Widow;
He marrying you, as I will follow't for him,
He make you pay his debts, or lye without him.

Val. I lookd for this from you. *Exit.*

2 Sister. I ha' not deceiv'd you then:

Fret, vex, and chafe, I'm obstinate where I take.
He seek him out, and cheer him up, against her,
I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own,
But two I got once of a scowring woman,
And they'r both well provided for, they'r i'th' Hospitall:
I have ten thousand pound to bury me, and I will have my humour.
Exit.

Scena 2. Enter FRANCISCO.

Fra. A man must have a time to serve his pleasure,
As well as his dear Friend, I'm forc'd to steal from'em,
To get this night of sport for mine own use:
What says her amiable witty letter here?
'Twixt nine and ten, now 'tis 'twixt six and seven,
As fit as can be; he that follows Lecherie,
Leaves all at six and seven, and so doe I me thinks:
Sun sets at eight, its 'bove an hour high yet,
Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her,
But I've an excellent horse; and a good gallop,
Helps man as much as a provoking Banquet.

[*Enter 1 Sister
with Officers.*]

1 Sister. Here's one of'em, begin with him first Officers.

Officer. By vertue of this writ we attach your body Sir.

Fra. My body? 'life, for what?

1 Sister. Hold him fast Officers.

Officer.

Officer The least of us can do't, now his Sword's off Sir,
We have a trick of hanging upon Gentlemen,
We never lose a man.

Fra. O treacherous fortune,
Why what's the cause?

Suiter. The Widow's business Sir,
I hope you know me?

Fra. For a busie Coxcomb,
This fifteen year, I take it.

Suiter. Oh y'ar mad Sir,
Simple though you make me, I stand for the Widow.

Fra. She's simply stood for then: what's this to me Sir,
Or she, or you, or any of these flesh-hooks?

Suiter. Y'ar like to find good bayl before you leave us,
Or lye till the Suit's tride.

Fra. O my loves misery.

Suiter. I'm put in trust to follow't, and Ile do't with all
severitie;

Build upon that Sir.

[Enter Ricardo and Atillio.]

Fra. How I would curse my self.

Ric. Look, here's *Francisco*,
Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?

Atillio. 'Tis strange to me.

Ric. I tell you 'tis his fashion,
He never stole away in's life from me,
But still I found him in such scurvie Companie;
A pox on thee *Francisco* wilt never leave thy old
Tricks, are these lowly Companions for thee?

Fra. Pish, pish, pish.

Suiter. Here they be all three now: 'prehend 'em Officers.

Ric. What's this?

Fra. I gave you warning enough to make away,
I'm in for the Widows business, so are you now.

Ric. What, all three in a nooze? this is like a Widows busi-
ness indeed.

Suiter. Sh'as catchd you Gentlemen, as you catchd her,
The Widow means now, to begin with you Sir.

Ric. I thank her heartily, sh'as taught me wit: for had I been
any but an ass, I should ha' begun with her indeed: by this light,
the Widows a notable House-wife, she bestrs her self, I have a

greater mind to her now than e'r I had : I cannot goe to prison
for one I love better I protest, that's one good comfort,
And what are you I pray Sir, for a Coxcomb ?

1 Suiter. It seems you know me by your anger Sir.

Ric. I've a neer ghes at you Sir.

1 Suiter. Ghes what you please Sir,
I'm he ordaind to trounce you, and indeed
I am the man must carry her.

Ric. I, to me.

But Ile swear she's a beast, and she carry thee.

1 Suiter. Come, wher's your Bail Sir, quickly, or away.

Ric. Sir, I'm held wrongfully, my Bayls taken already.

1 Suiter. Where i'th Sir, where ?

[Enter 2 Suiter.]

Ric. Here they be both : pox on you, they were taken before
I'd need of 'em, and you be honest Officers let's Bail one another,
for by this hand, I doe not know who will else : --- 'odds' light is
he come too ? I'm in for midnight then, I shall never find the way
out agen : my debts, my debts :
I'm like to dye i'th' hole now.

1 Suiter. We have him fast old Signior, and his Consorts,
Now you may lay action on action on him.

2 Suiter. That may I Sir, y'faith.

1 Suiter. And I'd not spare him Sir.

2 Suiter. Know you me Officers ?

Officer. Your bounteous worship Sir.

Ric. I know the rascall so well, I dare not look upon him.

2 Suiter. Upon my worth deliver me that Gentleman.

Fra. Which Gentleman ?

2 Suiter. Not you Sir, y'ar too hastie ;
No, nor you neither Sir : pray stay your time.

Ric. Ther's all but I now, and I dare not think he means me.

2 Suiter. Deliver me *Ricardo*.

Ric. O sure he lyes,
Or else I doe not hear well.

Officer. Signior *Ricardo*.

Ric. Well, what's the matter ? you may goe, who let's you ?

Officer. It is his worships pleasure Sir to Bayl you.

Ric. Bayl me ?

2 Suiter. I will, I Sir, look in my face man,
Thou'lt a good cause, thou'lt pay me when thou'rt able ?

Ric.

Ric. I, every penny, as I am a Gentleman.

2 Suiter. No matter if thou do'st not, then, Ile make thee,
And that's as good at all times.

1 Suiter. But I pray Sir,
You goe against the Hair there.

2 Suiter. Against the Widow you mean Sir,
Why 'tis my purpose truly, and against you too,
I saw your politick Combination,
I was thrust out between you : here stands one
Shall doe as much for you, and he stands rightest,
His cause is strong and fair, nor shall he want
Money, or means, or friends, but he shall have her,
I've enough, and I will have my humour.

1 Suiter. Hang thee ; I have a purs as good as thine.

Ric. I think they'r much alike, they'r rich knaves both.
'Heart, and I take your rayling at my Patron Sir,
Ile cramp your joynts.

2 Suiter. Let him alone sweet honey,
I thank thee for thy love though.

Ric. This is wonderfull.

Fra. Oh Ricardo,

'Tis seaven, struck in my pocket : I lose time now.

Ric. What sayst *Francisco* ?

Fra. I ha' mighty busineis,

That I ne'r thought on : get me Baild, I'm spoild else.

Ric. Why you know, 'tis such a strange miraculous curtesie,
I dare not be too forward, to aske more of him,
For fear he repent this, and turn me in agen.

Fra. Doe somewhat and you love me.

Ric. Ile make tryall 'faith

May't please you Sir : --- 'life if I should spoil all now ?

2 Suiter. What sayst *Ricardo* ?

Ric. Only a thing by 'th' way Sir,
Use your own pleasure.

2 Suiter. That I like well from thee.

Ric. 'Twere good, and those two Gentlemen were Bayld too,
They'r both my witnesses.

3 Suiter. They'r well, they'r well :

And they were Bayld, we know not where to find 'em,
Let 'em goe to prison, they'l be forth-comming the better,

I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Ric. I knew there was no more good to be done upon him,
'Tis well I've this, heav'n knows I never lookt for't.

Fra. What plaguy luck had I to be enlar'd thus?

Officer. O, patience.

[*Enter Brandino and Martino.*]

Fra. Pox O your comfortable ignorance.

Bran. *Martino*, we ride slow.

Mar. But we ride sure Sir,

Your hastie riders often come short home Mr.

Bran. 'Bless this fair companie.

Fra. Here he's agen too,

I am both sham'd, and cross'd.

Bran. See'st thou who's yonder, *Martino*?

Mar. We ride slow, ile be sworn now Mr.

Bran. How now *Francisco*, art thou got before me?

Fra. Yes, thank my fortune, I am got before you.

Bran. What no? in hold?

Ric. I, o' my troth poor Gentleman,
Your worship Sir, may doe a good deed to Bayl him.

Bran. Why doe not you do't then?

Mar. La you Sir now, my Mr. h'as that honestie
He's loth to take a good deed from you Sir.

Ric. Ile tell you why I cannot, else I would Sir.

Fra. Luck I beseech thee,

If he should be wrought to Bail me now, to goe to
His wife, 'twere happines beyond expresseion.

Bran. A matter but of controverfie.

Ric. That's all, trust me Sir.

Bran. *Francisco* shall ne'r lye for't; he's my friend,
And I will Bayl him.

Mar. He's your secret friend Mr.
Think upon that.

Bran. Give him his liberty Officers,
Upon my perill, he shalbe forth comming.

Fra. How I am bound to you?

Suiter. Know you whom you cross Sir?

'Tis at your Sisters sute, be well advis'd Sir,

Bran. How, at my Sisters sute? take him agen then.

Fra. Why Sir, doe you refuse me?

Bran. Ile not hear thee.

Rich. This is unkindly done fir.

1 suter. 'Tis wisely done fir.

2 suter. Well shot, foul malice.

1 suter. Flattery stinks worse fir.

Ric. You'l never leave till I make you stink as bad fir.

Fran. Oh *Martino*, have I this for my late kindness?

Mar. Alas poor Gentleman, dost complain to me?
Thou shalt not fare the worse for't: Hark you Master,
Your sisters sute said you?

Bran. I fir, my wifes sister.

Mar. And shall that dant you Master? think agen,
Why wer't your mothers sute; your mothers sute,
Mark what I say, the dearest sute of all sutes,
You'r bound in conscience fir to bayl this Gentleman.

Bra. Yea, am I so, how proof'st thou that *Martino*?

Mar. Have you forgot so soon, what he did lately?
Has he not tri'd your wife to your hand master?
To cut the throat of slander and suspicion;
And can you do too much for such aman?
Shall it be said, I serve an ingratfull master?

Bran. Never *Martino*; I will bayl him now,
And 'twere at my wifes sute.

Fra. 'Tis like to be so.

Mar. And I his friend, to follow your example Mr.

Fra. Precious *Martino*.

1 suter. Y'ave done wondrous well fir.
Your sister shall give you thanks.

Ric. This makes him mad fir.

2 suter. Wee'l follow't now toth' proof.

1 suter. Follow your humour out,
The widdow shall find friends.

2 suter. And so shall he fir,
Mony and means.

Ric. Hear you me that old huddle.

2 suter. Mind him not, follow me and ile supply thee,
Thou shalt give all thy Lawyers double fees,
I've burryed mony enough to burry me,
And I will have my humour.

Exit.

Bran. Fare thee well once again my dear *Francisco*,
I prethee use my house.

Fran. It is my purpose sir.

Bran. Nay you must do't then; though I am old, I'm free. *Exit*

Mar. And when you want a warrant, come to me. *Exit.*

Fra. That will be shortly now, within this few hours,

This fell out strangely happy. Now to horse,

I shall be nighted; but an hour or two

Never breaks square in love; he comes in time

That comes at all; absence is all loves crime. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus 3. Scena I.

Enter OCCULTO, SILVIO, and two or three other Thieves.

Occulto. **C**ome, come, let's watch th'event on yonder hill;
If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly.

Sil. I, and with safetie too, the hill being watcht Sir.

Occ. Have you the Blew cotes and the Beards?

Sil. They'r here Sir.

Occ. Come, come away then, a fine Cock shoot evening. *Exit.*

Enter Latrocinio the chief Thief, and Anfoldo.

La. sings. Kuck before, and Kuck behind, &c.

Ans. Troth y'ar the merriest, and delightfullst company Sir,
That ever Traveller was blest withall,
I praise my fortune that I overtook you Sir.

La. Pish, I've a hundred of 'em.

Ans. And beleve me Sir,
I'm infinitely taken with such things.

La. I see ther's musick in you, you kept time me thought
Prety and handsomly with your little hand there.

Ans. It only shews desire, but troth, no skill Sir.

La. Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill Sir,
He have an other for you.

Ans. It rids way pleasantly.

La. Le' me see now: one confounds an other sir,
Y'have heard this certainly: Come my daintie Doxes,

Ans. Oh, that's all the Country over sir,
Ther's scarce a Gentewoman, but has that prick.

La.

La. Well, here comes one I'm sure you never heard then.

Song.

*I keep my Horse, I keep my Whore,
I take no Rents, yet am not poor;
I traverse all the Land about,
And yet was born to never a foot:
With Partridge plump, with Woodcock fine
I doe at midnight often dine;
And if my Whore be not in case,
My Hostesse daughter b'as her place;
The Maids sit up, and watch their turns,
If I stay long the Tapster mourns,
The Cook-maid has no mind to sin,
Though tempted by the Chamberlin;
But when I knock, oh how they bustle,
The Ostler yawns, the Geldings jostle.
If Maid but sleep, oh how they curse hir!
And all this comes of, Deliver your purse fir.*

Ans. How Sir?

La. Few words: quickly come, deliver your purse fir.

Ans. Y'ar not that kind of Gentleman, I hope fir,
To sing me out of my money?

La. 'Tis most fir

Art should be rewarded: you must pay your Musick fir
Where ere you come.

Ans. But not at your own carving.

La. Nor am I comon in't: Come, come your purse fir.

Ans. Say it should prove the undoing of a Gentleman?

La. Why fir, doe you looke for more conscience in us, than
In Usurers? young gentleman, y'have small reason for that y'faith.

Ans. There 'tis, and all I have; and so truth comfort me,
All I know where to have.

La. Sir, that's not written
In my belief yet; search, 'tis a fine evening,
Your horse can take no harm: I must have more fir.

Ans. May my hopes perish, if you have not all fir,
And more I know than your compassionate charitie
Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants.

Ans. Search, and that speedily: if I take you in hand,

You'll find me rough, me thinks men should be rul'd,
When they'r so kindly spoke too, fy upon't.

Ans. Good fortune, and my wit assist me then,
A thing I took in haste, and never thought on't:
Look sir, I've search'd, here's all that I can find,
And you'r so covetous, you will have all you lay,
And I'm content you shall, being kindly spoke too.

La. A pox o' that young devill of a handfull long.
That 'as fraid many a tall thief from a rich purchase.

Ans. This, and my money sir, keeps company;
Where one goes, th'other must; assure your soul
They vow'd never to part.

La. Hold, I beseech you sir.

Ans. You rob a prisoners box, and you rob me, sir.

La. There 'tis agen.

Ans. I knew 't would never prosper with you;
Fy, rob a younger Brother, oh take heed sir,
'Tis against nature that, perhaps your Father,
Was one sir, or your Uncle, it should seem so
By the small means was left you, and lesse manners.
Goe, keep you still before me, and do you hear me;
To passe away the time to the next Town,
I charge you sir, sing all your Songs for nothing——

La. Oh horrible punishment.—— *A Song:* [Enter Stratio.]

Stra. Honest Gentleman.

Ans. How now, what art thou?

Stra. Stand you in need of help?

I made all haste I could, my Master charg'd me.
A Knight of worship; he saw you first assaulted
From top of yonder hill.

Ans. Thanks honest friend.

La. I taste this trick already.—— *Exit.*

Stra. Look, hee's gone sir,
Shall he be stop'd; what is he?

Ans. Let him goe sir;
He can rejoyce in nothing, that's the comfort.

Stra. You have your purse still then?

Ans. I, thanks fair fortune,
And this grym handfull.

Stra. We

Stra. We were all so fraid o' you,
How my good Lady cri'd O help the gentleman,
'Tis a good woman that: but you'r too mild fir,
You should ha' markt him for a villain 'faith.
Before h'ad gone, having so found a means too.

Ans. Why there's the jest man; he had once my purse.

Stra. Oh villain, would you let him scape unmasacred?

Ans. Nay, hear me fir, I made him yield it streight agen,
And so hope blesse me, with an uncharg'd Pistoll.

Stra. 'Troth I should laugh at that.

Ans. It was discharg'd Sir,
Before I medled with't.

Stra. I'me glad to hear't.

Ans. Why how now, What's your will?

Stra. Hoh, *Latrocinio, Occulto, Silvio.* — [Enter *Latrocinio* and

La. What are you caught fir? *the rest, Occulto, Silvio, Fiducio.]*

Stra. The Pistoll cannot speak.

La. He was too young,

I ever thought he could not; yet I fear'd him.

Ans. Y'have found out waies too mercilels to betray
Under the veil of friendship, and of charitie.

La. Away firs, bear him in to th' next Cops, and strip him.

Stra. *Brandino's* Copps, the Justice?

La. Best of all fir, a man of law?

A Spider lies unsuspected in the corner of a buckeram bag, man.

Ans. What seek you firs? take all and use no crueltie,

La. You shall have Songs enough.

Song.

*How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it,
The Tydes of gold and silver, ebb and flow in a minute:
From the Usurer to his Sons, there a current swiftly runs,
From the Sons to Queans in chief, from the gallant to the Thief,
From the Thief unto his Host, from the Host to Husband-men;
From the Country to the Court, and so it comes to us agen.*

*How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it,
The Tides of gold and silver, ebb and flow in a minute. Exeunt.*

*Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA above
at the Window.*

Phil. What time of night is't?

Viol. Time of night doe you call't?

Its so late, 'tis almost early Mistriss.

Phil. Fy on him, ther's no looking for him then;
Why sure this Gentleman apprehends me not.

Viol. 'Tis happy then y'ar rid of such a fool Mistriss.

Phil. Nay sure Wench, if he find me not out in this
Which were a beaten path to any wiseman,
Ile never trust him with my reputation;
Therefore I made this tryall of his wit,
If he cannot conceive what's good for himself,
He will worle understand what's good for me.

Viol. But suppose Mrs. as it may be likely,
He never saw your letter?

Phil. How thou plyest me,
With suppositions? why I tell thee wench,
Tis equally as impossible for my husband
To keep it from him, as to be young agen,
Or as his first wife knew him, which he brags on
For bearing children by him.

Viol. Ther's no remedy then,
I must conclude *Francisco* is an Ass.

Phil. I would my letter, wench, were here agen,
I'd know him wiser ere I sent him one;
And travail some five year first.

Viol. So h'ad need methinks,
To understand the words, methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the perseverance
Of a Cock sparrow, that will come at philip,
And can nor write, nor read poor fool, this Coxcomb
He can doe both, and your names but *Philippa*,
And yet to see, if he can come when's call'd.

Phil. He never shall be call'd agen for me sirra.
Well, as hard as the world goes, wee'l have a Song we nch,
Wee'l not sit up for nothing.

Viol. That's poor comfort though.

Phil. Better then any's brought, for ought I see yet? So set to
your Lute. *Song.*

Song.

1 *If in this question I propound to thee
Be any, any choice,
Let me have thy voice.*

2 *You shall most free.*

1 *Which hadst thou rather be
If thou might choose thy life,
A Fools, a fools Mistress,
Or an old mans wife?*

2 *The choice is hard, I know not which is best,
One ill y'ar bound too, and I think that's least.*

1 *But being not bound, my dearest sweet,
I could shake off the other.*

2 *Then as you lose your sport by one,
You lose your name by i' other.*

1 *You counsell well, but love refuses,
What good counsell often chooses.*

[Enter Ansaldo
in his Shirt.]

Ans. I ha' got my self unbound yet : merciless villains,
I never felt such hardness since life dwelt in me ;
'Tis for my sins : That light in yonder Window
That was my only comfort in the woods,
Which oft the trembling of a leaf would lose me,
Has brought me thus far, yet I cannot hope
For succour in this plight, the world's so pittiless,
And every one will fear or doubt me now :
To knock will be to bold, ile to the gate,
And listen if I can hear any stirring.

[Enter Francisco.

Fra. Was ever man so cross'd? no 'tis but sweat sure,
Or the dew dropping from the leaves above me,
I thought 'thad bled agen : these wenching businesses
Are strange unlucky things, and fatall fooleries,
No mar' I so many gallants die ere thirtie,
'Tis able to vex out a mans heart in five year,
The crosses that belong to't : first arrested,
That set me back two maney hours at least,
Yet that's a thing my heart could have forgiv'n,

Because

Because arresting, in what kind soever,
 Is a most Gentleman-like affliction:
 But here, within a mile o'th' town forsooth,
 And two mile off this place, when a mans oath
 Might ha' been taken for his own securitie,
 And his thoughts brisk, and set upon the business,
 To light upon a roguy flight of Thieves,
 Pox on 'em, here's the length of one of their whistles,
 But one of my dear Rascals, I pursued so,
 The Gaol has him, and he shall bring ou'ts fellows:
 Had ever young mans love such crooked fortune?
 I'm glad I'm so neer yet; the Surgeon bad me too
 Have a great care; I shall never think of that now.

Ans. One of the Theeves come back agen? Ile stand close;
 He dares not wrong me now, so neer the house,
 And call in vain 'tis, till I see him offer't.

Fra. 'Lise, what should that be? a prodigious thing
 Stands just as I should enter, in that shape too,
 Which alwaies appears terrible.
 What ere it be, it is made strong against me
 By my ill purpose. For 'tis mans own sin
 That puts on armor upon all his evils,
 And gives them strength to strike him: were it less
 Then what it is, my guilt would make it serve;
 A wicked mans own shadow has distracted him:
 Were this a business now to save an honour,
 As 'tis to spoil one, I would pass this then
 Stuck all hels horrors i'thee: now I dare not.
 Why may't not be the spirit of my Father
 That lov'd this man so well, whom I make haste
 Now to abuse? And I have been cross'd about it
 Most fearfully hitherto, if I well think on't;
 Scap'd death but lately too, nay most miraculously;
 And what do's fond man venture all these ills for,
 That may so sweetly rest in honest peace?
 For that which being obtain'd, is as he was
 To his own sence, but remov'd neerer still
 To death eternall: what delight has man
 Now at this present, for his pleasant sin
 Of yesterdaies committing? 'las, 'tis vanish'd,

And

And nothing but the sting remains within him.
The kind man baid me too ; I will not do't now
And 'twere but only that : how blest were man,
Might he but have his end appear still to him,
That he might read his actions i'th' event ?
'T would make him write true, though he never meant.
Whose Check so ere thou art, Fathers, or Friends,
Or Enemies, I thank thee, peace requite thee ;
Light, and the lighter Mistris both farewell.
He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell. *Exit.*

Ans. He's gone to call the rest and makes all speed,
He knock what ere befalls, to please my fears,
For no compassion can be lesse than theirs.

Phil. He's come, he's come; oh are you come at last sir ?
Make little noise, away, he'll knock agen els.

Ans. I should have bin at *Istria* by day-break too,
Neer to *Valerias* house the wealthy Widowes,
There waites one purposely to doe me good.
What will become of me ?

Viol. Oh, y'ar a sweet Gallant, this your hour ? [Enter Viola.]
Give me your hand ; come, come sir, follow me,
He bring you to light presently : softly, softly sir. *Exeunt.* [Ent. Phil.]

Phil. I should ha' given him up to all my thoughts lippa below.]
The dullest young man, if he had not found it;
So short of apprehension, and so worthless,
He were not fit for womans fellowship;
I've been at cost too for a Banket for him ;
Why 'twould ha' kill'd my heart, and most especially
To think that man should ha' no more conceit ;
I should ha' thought the worse on's wit for ever,
And blam'd mine own for too much forwardness. [Enter Viola.]

Viol. Oh Mistris, Mistris. [letta.]

Phil. How now, what's the news ?

Viol. Oh, I was out of my wits for a minute and a half.

Phil. Hah ?

Viol. They are scarce settled yet Mistris.

Phil. What's the matter ?

Viol. Doe you ask that seriously ?
Did you not hear me squeak ?

Phil. How ? sure thou'rt out of thy wits indeed.

Viol. Oh, I'm well now,
To what I was Mistris.

Phil. Why where's the gentleman?

Viol. The gentleman's forth-comming, and a lovely one,
But not *Francisco*.

Phil. What sai'st, not *Francisco*?

Viol. Pish, hee's a coxcomb, think not on him Mistris.

Phil. What's all this?

Viol. I've often heard you say, ye'ad rather have
A wise man in his shirt, than a Fool featherd,
And now fortune has sent you one, a sweet young gentleman,
Rob'd ev'n to nothing, but what first he brought with him,
The slaves had stript him to th' very shirt Mistris,
I think it was a shirt, I know not well,
For Gallants wear both now adayes.

Phil. This is strange.

Viol. But for a face, a hand, and as much skin
As I durst look upon, hee's a most sweet one;
Francisco is a child of *Egypt* to him:
I could not but in pitty to th' poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old Masters Suits.

Phil. 'Twas charitably done,

Viol. You'd say Mistris, if you had seen him as I did.
Sweet youth, Ile be sworn Mistris hee's the loveliest
Proper'st young gentleman, and so you'l say your self,
If my Masters clothes do not spoil him, that's all the fear now,
I would 't had been your luck to have seen him
Without'em, but for scarring on you.

Phil. Go, pre'thee fetch him in whom thou cōmend'st so. *Exit*
Since fortune sends him, surely wee'll make much on him; *Viol.*
And better he deserves our love, and welcome,
Than the respectless fellow 'twas prepar'd for;
Yet if he please mine eie never so happily,
I will have tryall of his wit, and faith,
Before I make him partner with my honour.
'Twas just *Francisco*'s case, and he deceiv'd me;
Ile take more heed o'th' next for't; perhaps now
To furnish his distress, he will appear
Full of fair promising Courtship; but Ile prove him then
For a next meeting, when he needs me not,

And

And see what he performs then when the storm
Of his so rude misfortunes is blown over,
And he himself agen : A distrest mans flatteries
Are like vowes made in drink, or bonds in prison,
There's poor assurance in 'em : when hee's from me,
And in's own pow'r, then I shall see his love.

[Enter ANSALDO and VIOLETTA.]

Masse here he comes.

Ans. Never was star-cross'd gentleman
More happy in a curteous virgins love,
Than I in yours.

Viol. I'm sorry they'r no better for you,
I wish'd 'em handsomer, and more in fashion,
But truly Sir, our house affords it not:
There is a Suit of our Clerks, hangs i'th' garret,
But that's far worse than this, if I may judge
With modestie of mens matters.

Ans. I deserve not
This, dear, and kind gentlewoman, is yond' your Mistris?

Phil. Why trust me, here's my Husband young agen,
It is no sin to welcome you, Sweet gentleman.

Ans. I am so much indebted, curteous Lady,
To the unmatched charitie of your house,
My thanks are such poor things they would but shame me.

Phil. Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him : I fear me
I have found wit enough already in him,
If I could truly but resolve my self

My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,
'Troth I should think the better of him at fourscore now.

Viol. Nay Mistris, what would he be, were he in fashion,
A hempen curse on those that put him out on't,
That now appears so handsome, and so comely in clothes
Able to make a man an unbeleever,
And good for nothing but for shift, or so
If a man chance to fall i'th' ditch with better?
This is the best, that ever I mark'd in 'em,
A man may make him ready in such clothes
Without a candle.

Phil. I for shame of himself Wench.

Viol. My Master do's it oft in winter mornings,
And never sees himself till he be ready.

Phil. No, nor then neither, as he should do Wench.
I am sorry gentle Sir, we cannot shew you
A curtesie, in all points answerable
To your undoubted worth : your name I crave sir.

Ans. *Ansaldo*, Lady.

Phil. 'Tis a noble name Sir.

Ans. The most unfortunate now.

Viol. So doe I think truly
As long as that Suites on.

Phil. The most unfitting,
And unprovidedt sir of all our curtesies,
I doe presume is that y'have past already,
Your pardon but for that, and wee'r encourag'd.

Ans. My faithfull service, Lady.

Phil. Please you Sir

To taste the next a poor slight Bancket, for sure I think you were
Unluckily prevented of your supper sir.

Ans. My fortune makes me more than amends Lady,
In your sweet kindnesse, which so nobly shown to me,
It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you :
I am this morning, that with cleernes now
So chearfully hastens me, to meet a Friend
Upon my states establishing, and the place
Ten mile from hence : oh, I am forc'd unwillingly
To crave your leave for't, which done I return
In service plentifull.

Phil. Is't so important?

Ans. If I should fail, as much as my undoing.

Phil. I think too well of you, to undo you sir,
Upon this small acquaintance.

Ans. My great happines.

Phil. But when should I be sure of you here agen sir?

Ans. As fast as speed can possibly return me.

Phil. You will not fail?

Ans. May never wish goe well with me then.

Phil. There's to bear charges sir.

Ans. Curtesie dwells in you.

I brought my horse up with me from the woods,

That's

That's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wils too,
May your kind breast never want comfort Lady,
But still supply'd, as liberally as you give.

Phil. Farewell sir, and be faithfull.

Ans. Time shall prove me.

Exit Ans.

Phil. In my opinion now, this young mans likeliest
To keep his word, he's modest, wise, and curteous;
He has the language of an honest soul in him:
A womans reputation may lye safe there,
I'm much deceiv'd else, h'as a faithfull eye
If it be well observ'd.

Viol. Good speed be with thee sir;
He puts him to't y'faith.

Phil. Violetta.

Viol. Mistriis.

Phil. Alas, what have we done wench?

Viol. What's the matter Mistriis?

Phil. Run, run, call him agen; he must stay tell him,
Though it be upon's undoing, wee'r undone else,
Your Matters cloaths, their known the Country over.

Viol. Now by this light that's true, and well remembered.
But ther's no calling of him, he's out of sight now.

Phil. Oh what will people think?

Viol. What can they think Mistriis?

The Gentleman has the worst on't: were I he now
I'd make this ten mile, forty mile about
Before I'd ride through any market town with 'em.

Phil. Will he be carefull think't?

Viol. My life for yours Mistriis.

Phil. I shall long mightily to see him agen.

Viol. And so shall I, I shall nev'r laugh till then.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter RICARDO and 2 Suter at one dore, and VALERIA, and 1 Suter at another dore.

Ric. IT goes well hitherto, my sweet Protector.

2 Suter. I, and shall still to th' end, to th' end my honey,
Wherefore have I enough, but to hav't goe well fir?

1 Suter. My whole State on't; thou overthrowst him Widow.

Val. I hope well still fir.

1 Suter. Hope? be certain Wench:
I make no question now, but thou art mine,
As sure as if I had thee in thy night-geer.

Val. By'r Lady, that I doubt Sir.

1 Suter. Oh 'tis cleer wench
By one thing that I markt.

Val. What's that, good sweet fir?

1 Suter. A thing that never faild me.

Val. Good fir, what?

1 Suter. I heard our Counsellour speak a word of comfort
Invita voluntate, hah, that's he wench,
The word of words, the precious chief y'faith.

Val. *Invita voluntate*, what's the meaning fir?

1 Suter. Nay there I leave you, but assure you thus much,
I never heard him speak that word i' my life,
But the cause went on's side, that I markt ever.

2 Suter. Doe, doe, and spare not: thou wouldst talk with her.

Ric. Yes, with your leave, and liking.

2 Suter. Doe, my adoption,
My chosen child, and thou holdst so obedient
Sure thou wilt live, and cozen all my kindred.

Ric. A Childs part in your love, that's my ambition fir.

2 Suter. Goe, and deserve it then: please me well now;
I love wrangling a life Boy; ther's my delight,
I have no other vinery but vexation,
That's all my honey now: smartly now to her,
I've enough and I will have my humour.

Ric. This need not ha'been Widow.

Val. You say right fir.

No, nor your treacherie, your close conspiracie
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been neither.

Ric. I had your fairly, I scorn treacherie
To your woman that I never ment to marry,
Much more to you whom I reserv'd for wife.

Val. How, wife?

Ric. I, Wife, Wife, Widow, be not ashaund on't,
It's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace indeed, brag as you list.

2 Suter. Ha, ha.

Val. I grant you sir, But not to be your wife.

1 Suter. Oh, oh.

Ric. Not mine? I think 'tis the best bargain
That ere thou mad'st i'thy life, or ever shall agen,
When my heads laid: but that's not yet this threescore year,
Let's talk of neerer matters.

Val. Y'ar as neer sir

As ere y'ar like to be, if Law can right me.

Ric. Now before conscience, y'ar a wilfull housewife.

Val. How?

Ric. I, and I fear you spend my goods lavishly.

Val. Your goods?

Ric. I shall miss much I doubt me,
When I come to look over the Inventorie.

Val. Ile give you my word you shall sir.

Ric. Look too't Widow,

A night may come will call you to accompt for't.

Val. Oh if you had me now sir in this heat
I doe but think how you'd be reveng'd on me.

Ric. I, may I perish else; if I would not get
Three Children at a birth, and I could o'thee.

1 Suter. Take off your yongster there.

2 Suter. Take off your Widow first,

He shall have the last word. I pay for't dearly;
To her agen sweet Boy, that sides the weaker.

I have enough, and I will have my humor.

[Enter Brandino

Val. O Brother see I'm up to th' ears in law here; and Martino.]
Look, Copy upon Copie.

Bra. Twere grief enough if a man did but hear on't
But I'm in pain to see't.

Val.

Val. What fore eys still Brother?

Bra. Worse, and worse Sister; the old womans water
Do's me no good.

Val. Why, 't'as helpt many fir.

Bra. It helps not me I'm sure—— *Marti.* Oh, oh.

Val. What ayls *Martino* too?

Mar. Oh, oh, the tooth-ach, the tooth-ach.

Bra. Ah poor worm, this he endures for me now.
There beats not a more mutuall pulse of passion,
In a kind husband when his wife breeds child,
Than in *Martino*; I ha' mark't it ever,
He breeds all my pains in's teeth still: and to quit me,
It is his eye-tooth too.

Mar. I, I, I, I.

Val. Where did I hear late of a skilfull fellow,
Good for all kind of Malladies? true, true fir,
His flag hangs out in town here, i'th' Cross Inn,
With admirable cures of all conditions,
It shews him a great travelling, and learnd Emperick.

Fra. Wee'll both to him *Martino*.

Val. Hark you Brother,
Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.

I Suter. I, about that sweet Widow.

Val. True; speak low fir.

Bra. Well, what's the business, say, say.

Val. Mary this Brother.
Call the young man aside, from the old Woolf there,
And whisper in his ear a thousand dollars
If he will vanish, and let fall the Sute,
And never put's to no more cost and trouble.

I Suter. Say me those words good fir, Ile make 'em worth
A chain of gold to you, at your Sisters wedding. [*Enter Violetta.*]

Bra. I shall doe much for that.

Val. Welcome sweet heart,
Thou com'it most happily, I'm bold to send for thee
To make a purpose good.

Viol. I take delight forsooth
In any such employment.

I Suter. Good wench trust me

Re. How Sir, let fall the Sute? 'tise Ile goe naked first.

Bra.

Bra. A thousand Dollars fir, think upon them.

Ric. Why they'r but a thousand Dollars, when they'r thought on.

Bra. A good round summe.

Ric. A good round Widow's better,
There's meat and money too. I have been bought
Out of my lands, and yielded, but (fir) scorn
To be bought out of my affection.

Bra. Why here's ev'n just my Univerfitie spirit,
I priz'd a piece of red Deer, above gold then.

Ric. My Patron would be mad, and he should hear on't.

Mar. I pray what's good Sir, for a wicked tooth?

Ric. Hang'd, drawn, and quartring; is't a hollow one?

Mar. I, 'tis a hollow one.

Ric. Then take the powder
Of a burnt Warrant, mixt with oil of Felon.

Mar. Why sure you mock me.

Ric. 'Troth I think I doe fir.

2. *Suter.* Come higher honey; What's the news in whispers?

Bra. He will not be bought out.

Val. No? that's strange Brother.

Pray take a little pains about this project then,
And try what that effects.

Bra. I like this better;
Look you sweet Gentles, see what I produce here
For amities sake, and peace, to end all controversie;
This Gentlewoman my charge left by her friends,
Whom for hir person, and hir portion,
I could bestow most richly, but in pittie
To her affection, which lyes bent at you fir,
I am content to yield to her desire.

Ric. At me?

Bra. But for this jar, 't had ne'r been offerd.
I bring you flesh, and money, a rich heir,
And a Maid too, and that's a thing worth thanks, fir:
Nay, one that has rid fifteen mile this morning
For your love onely.

2. *Suter.* Honey, hearken after her;
Being rich, I can have all my money there:
Eate my purse well, and never wage law further.
I have enough, yet I will have my humour.

G

Ric. Doe

Ric. Doe you love me forsooth?

Viol. Oh infinitely.

Ric. I doe not ask thee, that I meant to have thee,
But only to know what came in thy head to love me.

Viol. My time was come sir, that's all I can say.

Ric. 'Las poor soul, where didst thou love me first prethee?

Viol. In happy hour be't spoke, out at a window sir.

Ric. A window? pritheee clap it too, and call it in agen:
What was I doing then should make thee love me?

Viol. Twirling your band-string, which me thought became you
so generously well.

Ric. 'Twas a good quality to choose a husband for: That
love was likely to be ty'd in Matrimonie, that begun in a band-
string: yet I ha' known as much come to passe ere now upon a
tassell. Fare you well Sister; I may be cozend in a Maid, I cannot
in a Widow.

2. Suter. Art thou come home agen; stickst thou there still?
I will defend thee still then.

1. Suter. Sir your malice
Will have enough on't.

2. Suter. I will have my humour.

1. Sut. Beggery will prove the sponge.

2. Sut. Sponge i' thy gascuyns,
Thy gally-gascuyns there.

Ric. Hah brave Protector.

Bra. I thought 'twould come to open Wars agen,
Let 'em agree as they will; two testie Fopps,
He have a care of mine eyes.

Mar. I, of my chops.

Exeunt.

*Scena 2. Enter Latrocinio and Occulto, (a Banner
of Cures and Diseases hung out.)*

La. Away, out with the Banner, send's good luck to day.

Occ. I warrant you; your name's spread Sir, for an Emperick.
Theres an old Mason troubled with the Stone,
Has sent to you this morning for your counsell,
He would have ease fain.

La. Mary I cannot blame him sir.

But

But how he will come by't, there lyes the question,

Occ. You must do somewhat fir, for hee's swoln most piteously,
Hasurine in him now was brew'd last March.

La. 'Twill be rich geer for Dyers.

Occ. I would 'twere come to that fir. (powder.

La. Le' me see, ile send him a whole Musket-charge of Gun-

Occ. Gun-powder? what fir, to break the stone?

La. I by my faith fir,

It is the likeliest thing I know to do't,
I'm sure it breaks stone-walls, and Castles down,
I see no reason, but't should break the stone.

Occ. Nay, use your pleasure fir.

La. 'Troth, if that doe not
I ha' nothing els that will.

Occ. I know that too.

La. Why then thou'rt a Coxcomb to make question on't.
Goe call in all the rest, I have employment for them.
When the high-ways grow thin with Travellers,
And few Portmanteues stirring, as all trades
Have their dead time wee see; Thee very, poor takings,
And Lecherie cold doings, and so forwards still;
Then doe I tak my Inn, and those Curmoogions,
Whose Purfes I can never get abroad,
I take 'em at more ease here i' my chamber,
And make 'em come to me, it's more state-like too:
Hang him that has but one way to his trade,
Hee's like a mouth that eats but on one side,
And half cozens his belly, specially if he dine amoag Shavers, *Enter*
And both-handed feeders: *Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio,* *all the rest*
I will have none left out, there's parts for you.

Sil. For us? pray let's have 'em.

La. Change your selves

With all speed possible into severall shapes
Far from your own, as you a Farmer fir,
A Grazier you, and you may be a Miller.

Fid. Oh no, a Miller comes too neer a Theef,
That may spoil all agen.

La. Some Country Taylor then.

Fid. That's neer enough by'r lady, yet Ile venture that;
The Miller's a white Devill, he wears his theft

Like Innocence in badges most apparently
Upon his nose, sometimes between his lips;
The Tailor modestly between his legs.

La. Why pray, do you present that modest thief then,
And hark you, for the purpose.

Sil. 'Twill improve you sir.

La. 'Twill get believers, believe that my Masters,
Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer;
When you see any come, repair you to me
As samples of my skill; there are few arts
But have their shadows Sirs to set 'em off;
Then where the Art it self is but a shadow
What need is there my Friends? make haste away sirs. *Exeunt.*

Occ. Where are you Sir?

[*Enter Occuko.*]

La. Not far man; What's the newes?

Occ. The old Justice sir, whom we rob'd once by Moon-light,
And bound his man and he in haycock-time
With a rope made of horse-meat, and in pittie
Left their Mares by 'em, which I think ere midnight
Did eat their hay-bound Masters both at libertie, —

La. 'Life; what of him man?

Occ. Hee's enquiring earnestly
For the great man of art; indeed for you sir:
Therefore withdraw sweet sir; make your self daintie now,
And that's three parts of any profession.

La. I have enough on't.

Exit.

[*Enter Ansaldo.*]

Occ. How now, what thing's this?

Now by this light, the second part o'th' Justice
Newly reviv'd, with never a hair on's face,
It should be the first rather by his smoothness,
But I ha' known the first part written last:
'Tis he, or let me perish, the young Gentleman
We robd, and stript, but I am far from knowledge now.

Anf. One word I pray Sir.

Occ. With me gentle Sir?

Anf. Was there not lately seen about these parts sir
A knot of fellows, whose conditions
Are privily suspected?

Occ. Why doe you ask Sir?

Anf. There was a poor young gentleman rob'd last night.

Occ.

Occ. Robd?

Ans. Strip of all y'faith.

Occ. Oh beastly Raicals.

'Las what was he?

Ans. Look o' me, and know him fir.

Occ. Hard-hearted villains, strip? troth when I saw you
Methought those cloaths were never made for you fir.

Ans. Want made me glad o'em.

Occ. 'Send you better fortunes fir:

That we may have about with you once agen.

Ans. I thank you for your wish of love, kind fir.

Occ. 'Tis with my heart y'faith; now store of coyn
And better cloaths be with you.

Ans. Ther's some honest yet

And charitably minded: how, wha'ts here to doe?

Here within this place is cur'd Reads.

All the griefs that were ev'r endur'd.

Nay there thou lye'st, I endur'd one last night,

Thou canst not cure this morning; a strange Promiser.

*Palsey, Gout, Hydropick Humour,
Breath that sticks beyond perfumer,
Fistula in ano, Ulcer, Megrum,
Or what disease so ere beleaguer 'em,
Stone, Rupture, Squinancie, Imposthuma,
Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em.*

That's conscionably said y'faith.

In brief, you cannot I assure you

Be unsound so fast, as I can cure you.

By'r Lady, you shall pardon me, ile not try't fir.

Bra. Martino, is not yond my hinder parts?

Mar. Yes, and your fore parts too Sir.

Bra. I tro so,

I never saw my hind parts in my life else,

No, nor my fore ones neither: what are you fir?

Are you a Justice pray?

Ans. A Justice? no truly.

Bra. How came this Suit to you then?

Ans. How, this Suit?

Why must he needs be a Justice fir, that wears it?

Bra. You'l find it so: 'twas made for no body else.

[Enter
Brandino
and Mar-
tino.

I pai'd for't.

Ans. Oh strange fortune, I have undone
The charitable woman.

Bra. Hee'l be gone.

Martino, hold him fast, Ile call for aid.

Ans. Hold me? oh curst of fate!

Mar. Oh Mr, Mr.

Bra. What ayls *Martino*?

Mar. In my conscience

Has beat out the wrong tooth, I feel it now,
Three degrees of.

Bra. Oh slave, 'spoild a fine Penman.

Ans. He lackd good manners though : lay hands o' me?
I scorn all the deserts, that belong to't. [Enter *Latrocinio*.]

La. Why how now? what's the broil?

Bra. The man of art

I take you fir to be.

La. I'm the professor

Of those slight cures you read of in the Banner.

Bra. Our business was to you most skilfull fir,
But in the way to you, right worshipfull
I met a thief.

La. A thief?

Bra. With my cloaths on fir,

Let but the Hose be searcht, ile pawn my life
Ther's yet the Tailors bill in one o' th' pockets,
And a white thimble that I found i' moon light,
Thou sawst me when I put it in *Martino*.

Mar. Oy, oy.

Bra. Oh, has spoild the worstest Clark that ere drew War-
rant here.

La. Sir, y'at a stranger, but I must deal plain with you,
That Suit of cloaths must needs come odly to you.

Ans. I dare not say which way, that's my affliction.

La. Is not your worships name Signior *Brandino* fir?

Bra. It has been so, these threescore year and upwards.

La. I heard there was a robbery done last night
Neer to your house.

Ans. You heard a truth then fir,
And I the man was robd.

La.

La. Ah that's too groſs
Send him away for fear of farther miſchief,
I doe not like him, he's a cunning knave.

Bra. I want but aid,

[*Ent. 2 or 3 Servants.*]

La. Within there.

Bra. Ceize upon that impudent thief,

Anf. Then here me ſpeak,

Bra. Away ;

Ile neither hear thee ſpeak, nor wear thoſe cloaths agen,
To priſon with the varlet.

Anf. How am I puniſh'd ?

Bra. Ile make thee bring out all, before I leave thee. [*Ex. with*

La. Y'have took an excellent courſe with this *Anſaldo.*
bold villain ſir.

Bra. I am ſworn for ſervice to the Common-
wealth ſir,

[*Enter Stratio,
Silvio and Fi-
ducio.*]

What are theſe, learned ſir ?

La. Oh they'r my patients.

Good morrow, Gout, Rupture, and Palfie,

Stra. 'Tis farewell Gout almoſt, I thank your worſhip.

La. What no, you cannot part ſo ſoon, I hope?

You came but lately to me.

Stra. But moſt happily,

I can goe neer to leap ſir.

La. What you cannot ?

Away I ſay, take heed, be not to ventrous though,

I've had you but three daies, remember that.

Stra. Thoſe three are better than three hundred ſir.

La. Yet agen ?

Stra. Eaſe takes pleaſure to be known ſir.

La. You with the rupture there *hernia in ſcrotum.*

Pray let me ſee your ſpace this morning, walk ſir,

Ile take your diſtance ſtrait : 'twas *F. O.* yeſterday :

Ah ſirha, here's a ſimple alteration,

Secundo gradu. ye *F. H.* already,

Here's a moſt happy change ; be of good comfort ſir,

Your knees are come, within three inches now

Of one an other ; by to morrow noon

Ile make 'em kiſs, and juſtle.

Sil. 'Bleſs your worſhip.

Bra.

Bra. You have a hundred pray'rs in a morning fir.

La. 'Faith we have a few to pass away the day with :
Taylor, you had a stitch.

Fid. Oh good your worship
I have had none since Easter: were I rid
But of this whorson Palsey, I were happy;
I cannot thred my needle.

La. No, that's hard,
I never markt so much.

Fid. It comes by fits fir.

La. 'Las poor man : what would your worship say now
To see me help this fellow at an instant ?

Bra. And make him firm from shaking ?

La. As a steeple,
From the disease on't.

Bra. 'Tis to me miraculous.

La. You, with your whoremaster disease, come hither ;
Here, take me this round glass, and hold it stedfast,
Yet more fir, yet I say; so.

Bra. Admirable.

La. Goe, live, and thred thy needle.

Bra. Here *Martino* :

'Las poor Fool, his mouth is full of praises
And cannot utter 'em.

La. No, what's the malady ?

Bra. The fury of a tooth.

La. A tooth ? ha, ha,
I thought 't had been some Gangrene, Fistula,
Canker, or Ramex.

Bra. No, 'tis enough as 'tis fir.

La. My man shall ease that streight, fir you down there fir,
Take the tooth firha, daintily, insensibly :
But what's your worships malady, that's for me fir ?

Bra. Marry pray look you fir : your worships Counsell
About mine eyes.

La. Sore eyes ? that's nothing too fir.

Bra. By't Lady I that feel it think it somewhat.

La. Have you no Convulsions ? pricking aches fir,
Rupture, or Apostemates ?

Bra. No by my faith fir,

The Willow

Nor doe I desire to have 'em.

La. Those are cures,

There doe I win my fame fir : quickly furah,

Reach me the eye-cup hither : doe you make water well fir ?

Bra. I'm all well there.

La. You feel no grief i'th' kidney.

Bra. Sound, sound, sound fir.

La. Oh here's a breath fir, I must talk withall

One of these mornings.

Bra. There I think y'faith,

I am to blame indeed, and my Wifes words

Are come to passe fir.

Mar. Oh, oh, 'tis not that, 'tis not that.

It is the next beyond it ; there, there, there.

Occ. The best have their mistakings : now Ile fir you fir.

Bra. What's that sweet Sir, that comforts with his coolness ?

La. Oh sovereign goer : wink hard, and keep it in fir.

Mar. Oh, oh, oh.

Occ. Nay, here he goes, one twitch more, and he comes fir.

Mar. Auh, ho.

Occ. Spit out I told you he was gone fir.

Bra. How cheers Martino ?

Mar. Oh, I can answer you now Master,

I feel great ease fir.

Bra. So doe I Martino.

Mar. I'm rid of a sore burden, for my part Master,

Of a scal'd little one.

La. Please but your worship now

To take three drops of the rich water with you,

Ile undertake your man shall cure you fir

At twice i' your own Chamber.

Bra. Shall he so fir ?

La. I will uphold him in't.

Mar. Then will I do't fir.

La. How lively your man's now ?

Mar. Oh I'm so light me thinks

Over I was.

Bra. What is't contents your worship ?

La. Ev'n what your worship please, I am not mercenary.

Bra. My purse is gone Martino.

H

La. How

La. How, your purse fir?

Bra. 'Tis gon y' faith : I've been among some Rascalls.

Mar. And that's a thing

I ever gave you warning of Master, you care not

What company you run into.

Bra. Lend me some money : chide me anon I pre' thee.

A pox on 'em for vipers, they ha' suckt blood o' me.

Mar. Oh Master.

Bra. How now man ?

Mar. My purse is gon too.

Bra. How ? Ile never take warning more of thee while I live then, thou art an Hypocrite, and art not fit to give good counsell to thy Master, that canst not keep from ill company thy self.

La. This is most strange fir : both your purses gon.

Mar. Sir, I'de my hand on mine, when I came in.

La. Are you but sure of that ; oh would you were.

Mar. As I'm of ease.

La. Then, they'r both gon one way, be that your comfort.

Bra. I but what way's that fir?

La. That close knave in your Clothes h'as got 'em both, 'Tis well y' have clapt him fast.

Bra. Why that's impossible.

La. Oh tell not me fir : I ha' known purses gon, And the Thief stand, and look one full i' th' face, As I may doe your Worship, and your man now.

Mar. Nay, that's most certain Master.

Bra. I will make

That Rascall in my clothes answer all this then,

And all the robberies that have been don

Since the Moon chang'd; get you home first *Martino*,

And know if any of my wives things are missing,

Or any more of mine : tell her hee's taken,

And by that token he has took both our purses.

Mar. That's an ill token Master.

Bra. That's all one fir,

She must have that or nothing, for I'm sure

The Rascall has left nothing els for a Token.

Begon, make hast agen; and meet me here w' th' way.

Mar. Ile hang the villain,

And 't were for nothing but the Sowce he gave me. *Exit.*

Bra. Sir, I depart aham'd of my requitall,
And leave this seal ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulness.

La. No, I beseech you sir.

Bra. Indeed you shall sir.

La. Oh, your worships word sir.

Bra. You shall have my word too, for a rare gentleman
As ere I met withall. *Exit.*

La. Cleer fight be with you sir;
If Conduit-water, and my Hostesse Milk
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it.
'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villanous toothdrawer,
Occult. There was no fear of me; I've often told you
I was bound Prentice to a Barber once,
But ran away i'th' second year.

La. I marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth.
And me afraid of thee: what have we there sirs?
Occ. Some three-score Dollars i'the Masters purse,
And sixteen in the Clerks, a Silver seal,
Two or three Amber beads, and four blank Warrants.
La. Warrants? where be they? the best news came yet.
'Masse here's his hand, and here's his Seal I thank him,
This comes most luckily: one of our fellows
Was took last night, wee'l set him first at libertie,
And other good Boyes after him: and if he
In th'old Justices Suit, whom he rob'd lately,
Will come off roundly, wee'l set him free too.

Occ. That were a good deed 'faith, we may in pitty.

La. There's nothing done meerly for pitty now adays,
Money or Ware must help too.

Song, in parts by the Thieves.

*Give me fortune, give me health,
Give me freedom, Ile get wealth.
Who complains his fate's amiss,
When he has the wide world his?
He that has the Devill in fee,
Can have but all, and so have wee.*

Give us fortune, give us Health,
Give us freedom, we'll get wealth.
In every Hamlet, Town and Curie,
He has lands, that was born wittie.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA.

Phil. **H**OW well this Gentleman keeps his promise too?
Sure there's no trust in man.

Viol. They'r all *Francisco's*,
That's my opinion Mistris: Fools, or false ones.
He might have had the honestie yet y'faith
To send my Masters clothes home.

Phil. I those clothes.

Viol. Collyers come by the dore ev'ry day Mistris,
Nay, this is Market-day too, Poulterers, Butchers,
They would have lay'n most decently in a Panyer,
And kept Veal from the wind.

Phil. Those clothes much trouble me.

Viol. 'Faith, and he were a gentleman as he seem'd to be,
They would trouble him too I think;
Me thinks he should have small desire to keep 'em.

Phil. 'Faith and lesse pride to wear 'em, I should think wench,
Unlesse he kept 'em as a testimonie
For after-times to shew what miserie
He pass'd in his young dayes, and then weep over 'em. [*Ent. Martino.*]

Viol. Weep Mistris? nay sure me thinks he should not weep
for laughing.

Phil. Martino? oh w' are spould wench, are they come then?

Mar. Mistris, be of good cheer, I have excellent news for you,
comfort your heart, what have you to breakfast Mistris, you shall
have all agen, I warrant you.

Phil. What saies he Wench?

Viol. I'm loth to understand him.

Mar. Give me a note of all your things sweet Mistris,

You

You shall not lose a hair, take't of my word
We have him safe enough.

Phil. O las, sweet wench
This man talks fearfully.

Viol. And I know not what yet
That's the worst Mistress.

Mar. Can you tell me pray,
Whether the Rascall has broke ope my desk or no,
Ther's a fine little barrell of pom-citrons
Would have serv'd me this seven year, oh, and my fig-cheete.
The fig of everlasting obloquy
Goe with him if he have eat it, He make haste
He cannot eat it all yet, he was taken Mistress
Grossly, and beastly, how doe you think y'faith?

Phil. I know not sir.

Mar. Troth in my Masters cloaths,
Would any thief but a beast been taken so?

Phil. Wench, wench.

Viol. I have grief enough of mine own to tend Mistress.

Phil. Did he confesse the robbery?

Mar. O no, no Mistress
He's a young cunning Rascall, he confest nothing;
While we were examining on him, he took away
My Masters puris and mine, but confest nothing still.
Phil. That's but some slanderous injury rais'd against him.
Came not your Mr. with you?

Mar. No sweet Mistress,
I must make hast and meet him, pray dispatch me then.

Phil. I have lookd over all with speciall heedfulness,
Ther's nothing miss'd, I can assure you sir
But that Suit of your Masters.

Mr. I'm right glad on't
That Suit would hang him yet I would not have him hangd in
that Suit though, it will disgrace my Masters fashion for ever, and
make it as hatefull as yellow bands. *Exit.*

Phil. O what shall's doe wench?

Viol. 'Tis no marvail Mistress
The poor young Gentleman could not keep his promise.

Phil. 'Alas sweet man, h'as confest'd nothing yet wench,

Viol. That shews his constancy, and love to you Mistress.

But you must do't of force, there is no help for't,
 The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much,
 Let 'em make what they can on't, 'twere sin and pitty y'faith
 To cast away so sweet a Gentleman,
 For such a pair of infidell hose and doublet, [Enter Ansaldo.]
 I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em,

Phil. Thou saist true wench.

Viol. Oh, oh, they'r come agen Mistriss.

Phil. Signior Ansaldo?

Anf. The same mightily cross'd Lady,
 But past hope freed agen by a Doctors means,
 A man of art, I know not justly what indeed,
 But pitty, and the fortunate gold you gave me,
 Wrought my release between 'em.

Phil. Met you not
 My husbands man?

Anf. I took such strange wayes Lady
 I hardly met a creature.

Phil. Oh most welcome

Viol. But how shall we bestow him now we have him Mrs?

Phil. 'Alas, that's true.

Viol. Martino may come back agen.

Phil. Step you into that little Chamber speedily fir,
 And dress him up in one of my Gowns and head-tyres
 His youth will well endure it.

Viol. That wilbe admirable.

Phil. Nay do't, do't quickly then, and cut that Suit
 Into a hundred pieces, that it may never be known agen.

Viol. A hundreth? nay ten thousand at the least Mrs.
 For if there be a piece of that Suit left, as big as my nail,
 The deed will come out, 'tis worse than a murder,
 I fear 'twill never be hid.

Phil. Away, do your endeavour, and dispatch wench, *Ex. Viol.*
 I've thought upon a way of certain safetrie, *and Ansaldo.*
 And I may keep him while I have him too,
 Without suspicion now: I've heard o'th' like:
 A Gentleman, that for a Ladies love
 Was thought six months her woman, tended on her
 In her own garments, and she being a Widow,
 Lay night by night with her in way of comfort,

Mary

Mary in conclusion match they did together,
Would I'd a copy of the same conclusion :
He's come himself now, if thou be't a happy wench
Be fortunate in thy speed, Ile delay time
With all the means I can : oh welcome fir.

[Enter Brandino
with a writing.]

Bra. Ile speak to you anon wife, and kiss you shortly,
I'm very busie yet : *Cock f:7-down, Mem-berrie,*
Her Manner-house at *Well-dun.*

Phil. What's that good fir ?

Bra. The widows your sweet Sisters deed of gift ;
Sh'as made all her estate over to me wench :
She'l be too hard for 'em all : and now come buss me
Good luck after thieves hansell.

Phil. Oh 'tis happy Sir
You have him fast.

Bra. I ha' laid him safe enough wench.

Phil. I was so lost in joy at the report on't
I quight forgot one thing to tell *Martino.*

Bra. What's that sweet blood ?

Phil. He, and his villains fir
Robd a sweet Gentlewoman last night.

Bra. A Gentlewoman ?

Phil. Nay, most uncivilly and basely stript her fir.

Bra. Oh barbarous slaves.

Phil. I was ev'n fain for woman-hoods sake
(Alas) and charities, to receive her in,
And cloath her poor wants in a Suit of mine.

Bra. 'Twas most religiously done : I long for her ;
Who have I brought to see thee think'st thou woman ?

Phil. Nay Sir, I know not.

Bra. Ghess, I prethee heartily :
An enemy of thine.

Phil. That I hope you have not fir.

Bra. But all was done in jest : he crys thee mercy,
Francisco fir has

Phil. Oh ; I think not on him.

Bra. That Letter was but writ to try thy constancie,
He confest all to me.

Phil. Joy on him fir,
So far am I from malice, look you fir ;

[Enter Francisco.]

Welcome

Welcome sweet Signior ; but Ile never trust you fir.

Bra. Faith I'm beholding to thee wife, for this.

Fra. Methinks, I enter now this house with joy,
Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience,
I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek
For a sin stampt last inidnight : I can talk now
With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly.
With any scornfull thought made of his shame :
What a sweet being is an honest mind ?
It speaks peace to it self, and all mankind.

[Enter Marti-
no.]

Bra. Martino.

Mar. Master.

Bra. Ther's an other robbery done firba,
By the same partie.

Mar. What ? your worship mocks,
Under correction.

Phil. I forgot to tell thee
He robd a lovely Gentlewoman.

Mar. O Pagan.

This fellow will be ston'd to death with Pipkins,
Your women in the Suburbs will so maule him
With broken crewzes, and pitchers without eares,
He will nev'r dye alive, that's my opinion.

[Enter An-
saldo (as
Maria) &
Violetta.

Phil. Look you your judgments Gentlemen, yours
especially

Signior *Francisco*, whose meer object now
Is woman at these years, that's the eye Saint I know
Amongst young Gallants, Husband, you have a glimpse too ;
You offer half an eye, as old as you are,

Bra. By'r Lady better wench : an eye, and a half I trow,
I should be sorry else.

Phil. What think you now firs
Is't not a goodly manly Gentlewoman ?

Bra. Beshrew my heart else wife.

Pray soft a little Signior y'ar but my guest remember,
I'm Mr. of the house. Ile have the first burs.

Phil. But Husband, 'tis the curtesie of all places
To give a stranger ever the first bit.

Bra. In Woodcock or so, but ther's no heed to be taken in
Mutton;

We

We commonly fall so roundly to that we forget our selves:
I'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou'rt welcome Lady

Mar. My Master kisses, as I've heard a hackney man
Cheer up his Mare, chap, chap.

Bra. I have him fast Lady, and he shall lye by't close,

Ans. You cannot doe me a greater pleasure Sir,

Bra. I'm happily glad on't.

Fra. Me thinks there's somewhat whispers in my soul,
This is the hour, I must begin my acquaintance
With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts;
My fate speaks to me from the modest eye
Of yon sweet Gentlewoman.

Phil. Wench, Wench.

Viol. Pish, hold in your breath Mistris,
If you be seen to laugh, you spoil all presently,
I keep it in with all the might I have——puh.

Ans. Pray what young gentleman's that sir?

Bra. An honest boy y'faith,
And came of a good kind: do'st like him Lady,
I would thou hadst him, and thou beest not promis'd,
Hee's worth ten thousand Dollars.

Viol. By this light Mistris, my Master will goe neer to make a
match anon, me thinks I dream of admirable sport Mistris.

Phil. Peace, thou art a drab.

Bra. Come hither now *Francisco*,
I've known the time, I've had a better stomach;
Now I can dine with looking upon meat.

Fra. That face deserv'd a better fortune Lady
Than last nights rudeness shew'd.

Ans. We cannot be
Our choosers sir in our own destiny.

Fra. I return better pleas'd, than when I went.

Mar. And could that beastly Impe rob you forsooth?

Ans. Most true forsooth,
I will not altogether sir, disgrace you,
Because you look half like a Gentleman.

Mar. And that's the Mothers half.

Ans. There's my hand for you.

Mar. I swear you could not give me any thing
I love better, a hand gets me my living;

Oh sweet Symon-peel.

Fra. May I request a modest word or two Lady
In private with you?

Ans. With me sir?

Fra. To make it sure from all suspect of injurie,
Or unbeseeming privacie, which heaven knows
Is not my aym now, Ile intreat this gentleman
For an ear witness unto all our conference.

Ans. Why so, I am content Sir,

Exit. Fra. & Ansaldo.

Bra. So am I Lady—

Mar. Oh Master, here's a rare Bedfellow for my Mistris to night,
For you know we must both out of Town agen.

Bra. That's true *Martino.*

Mar. I do but think how they'l lye telling of tales together
The prettiest.

Bra. The prettiest indeed.

Mar. Their tongues will never lye wagging Master.

Bra. Never *Martino*, never.

Exeunt.

Phil. Take heed you be not heard.

Viol. I fear you most Mistris.

Phil. Mee fool? ha, ha.

Viol. Why look you Mistris: saith y'are faultie, ha, ha,

Phil. Well said y'faith, where lyes the fault now gossip.

Viol. Oh for a husband; I shall burst with laughing els,
This house is able to spoil any Maid.

Phil. Ile be reveng'd now soundly of *Francisco*
For failing me when time was.

Viol. Are you there Mistris? I thought you would not forget that
How ever, a good turn disappointed is ever the last thing
That a woman forgives, shee'l scarce do't when shee's speechless,
Nay, though she hold up her whole hand for all other injuries,
Shee'l forgive that but with one finger.

Phil. Ile vex his heart as much as he mock'd mine.

Viol. But that may marre your hopes too, if our gentlewoman
be known to be a man.

Phil. Not as Ile work it;

I would not lose this sweet revenge me thinks
For a whole fortnight of the old mans absence,
Which is the sweetest benefit next to this:

[Enter Ansaldo.]

Why how now sir, what course take you for laughing?

We

We are undone for one.

Ans. Faith with great pain,
Stifle it, and keep it in : I ha' no receipt for't.
But 'pray, in sadness say ; What is the Gentleman,
I never knew his like for tedious urgings,
He will receive no answer.

Phil. Would he would not Sir.

Ans. Sayes I'm ordain'd for him : meerly for him,
And that his wiving fate speaks in me to him ;
Will force on me a joynture speedily
Of some seven thousand Dollars.

Phil. Would thou had'st 'em sir : I know he can and he will.

Ans. For wonders pittie ; What is this Gentleman ?

Phil. Faith shall I tell you sir,
One that would make an excellent honest husband
For her that's a just Maid at one and twentie ;
For on my conscience he has his Maidenhead yet.

Ans. Fye, out upon him beast.

Phil. Sir, if you love me.

Give way but to one thing I shall request of you.

Ans. Your curtesies you know may lay commands on me.

Phil. Then at his next solicitings, let a consent
Seem to come from you ; 'Twill make noble sport sir,
Wee'll get jointure and all ; but you must bear
Your self most affable to all his purposes.

Ans. I can doe that.

Phil. I, and take heed of laughing. [Enter Francisco.]

Ans. I've bide the worst of that already Lady.

Phil. Peace, set your countenance then ; for here he comes.

Fra. There is no middle continent in this passion,
I feel it since, it must be love, or death
It was ordain'd for one.

Phil. Seignior Francisco,
I'm sorry 'twas your fortune, in my house sir,
To have so violent a stroak come to you :
The gentlewoman's a stranger. pray be counselld sir,
Till you hear further of her Friends and portion.

Fra. 'Tis only but her love that I desire,
She comes most rich in that.

Phil. But be advis'd though,

I think shee's a rich heir, but see the proof sir,
Before you make her such a generous Jointure.

Fra. 'Tis mine, and I will doo't.

Phil. She shalbe yours too,

If I may rule her then.

Fra. You speak all sweetness.

Phil. She likes your person well, I tell you so much,
But take no note I said so.

Fra. Not a word.

Phil. Come Lady, come, the gentlemans desertfull,
And O my conscience honest.

Ans. Blame me not, I am a Maid, and fearfull.

Fra. Never truth came perfecter from man.

Phil. Give her a lip-taste, *Enter Bradino and Martino.*
That she her self may praise it.

Bra. Yea, a match y'faith : my house is lucky for 'em
Now *Martino.*

Mar. Master, the Widow has the day.

Bra. The day ?

Mar. She's overthrown my youngster.

Bra. Pretious rydings.

Clap down four Woodcocks more.

Mar. They'r all at hand Sir.

Bra. What both her adversaries too. *Enter Valeria, Ricardo,*

Mar. They'r come sir. *and two Suters.*

Bra. Go bid the Cook serve in two geese in a dish.

Mar. I like your conceit Master beyond utterance.

Bra. VVelcome sweet Sister ; which is the man must have you,
Ide welcome no-body els.

1 Suter. Come to me then sir.

Bra. Are yo' he' faith, my chain of gold ? I'm glad on't.

Val. I wonder you can have the face to follow me,
That have so prosecuted things against me,
But I ha' resolv'd my self 'tis done to spight me.

Ric. O dearth of truth.

2 Suter. Nay, do not spoil thy hair,
Hold, hold I say, Ile get thee a VVidow somewhere.

Ric. If hand and faith be nothing for a Contract,
VVhat shall man hope ?

2 Suter. 'Twas wont to be enough, Honey.

VVhen

When there was honest meaning amongst Widows,
But since your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd
A contract without gifts to bind it fast,
Every thing now must have a feeling first:
Doe I come neer you Widow?

Val. No indeed sir,
Nor ever shall I hope: and for your comfort sir,
That sought all means t'entrap me for my wealth,
Had Law unfortunately put you upon me;
You had lost your labour, all your aym, and hopes sir:
Here stands the honest Gentleman my Brother
To whom I've made a deed of gift of all.

Bra. I that she h'as y'faith, I thank her Gentlemen.
Look you here sirs.

Val. I must not look for pleasures
That give more grief if they prove false, or fail us
Then ever they gave joy.

1 Suter. Ha'you ser've me so widow

2 Suter. I'm glad thou hast her not, laugh at him honey;
ha, ha.

Val. I must take one that loves me for my self:
Here's an old Gentleman looks not after wealth
But vertue, manners, and conditions.

1 Suter. Yes by my faith: I must have Lordships too Widow.

Val. How sir?

1 Suter. Your manners, vertue, and conditions Widow.
Are pretty things within dores, I like well on 'em,
But I must have somewhat with out-lying or being
In the tenure or occupation of me such a one: ha?
Those are fine things indeed.

Val. Why sir, you swore to me it was for love.

1 Suter. True; but ther's two words to a bargain ever:
All the world over, and if love be one
I'm sure mony's the other; 'tis no bargain else:
Pardorr me, I must dine, as well as sup Widow.

Val. Cry mercy, I mistook you all this while sir.
It was this antient Gentleman indeed,
Whom I crave pardon on.

2 Suter. What of me Widow?

Val. 'Alas I have wrongd you sir; 'twas you that swore

You lov'd me for my self?

2 Suter. By my troth but I did not;
Come, Father not your lyes upon me Widow:
I love you for your self? spit at me Gentlemen
If ever I'd such a thought, fetch me in Widow:
You'll find your reach too short.

Val. Why you have enough you say.

2 Suter. I, but I will have my humour too; you never think
of that, they'r Coach horses, they goe together still.

Val. Whom should a Widow trust: I'll swear 'twas one of you
That made me beleeve so: 'ma's, think 'twas you sir
Now I remember me.

Ric. I swore too much
To be beleev'd so little.

Val. Was it you then?
BesREW my heart for wronging of you.

Ric. Welcome blessing,
Are you mine faithfully now?

Val. As love can make one.

1 Suter. Why this fills the Common-wealth so full of beggars,
Marrying for love, which none of mine shall doe.

Val. But now I think on't: we must part agen sir.

Ric. Agen?

Val. You'r in debt, and I, in doubt of all,
Left my self nothing too; we must not hold,
Want on both sides makes all affection cold:
I shall not keep you from that Gentleman,
You'll be his more then mine, and when he list
He'll make you lye from me in some soure prison,
Then let him take you now for altogether sir,
For he that's mine shall be all mine, or nothing.

Ric. I never felt the evill of my debts
Till this afflicting minute.

2 Suter. He be mad once in my daies: I have enough to cure
me, and I will have my humour, they'r now but desperate debts
agen. I nev'r look for 'em,
And ever since I knew what malice was
I alwaies held it sweeter to sow mischief
Than to rective money; 'tis the finer pleasure.

He give him in his bonds as 'twere in pity
To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary;
Then will they nev'r agree; that's a sure point,
He'll give her a black eye within these three daies,
Beat half her teeth out by Alhallontide,
And break the little household-stuffe they have
With throwing at one another: O sweet sport.
Come Widow, come, ile try your honestie
Here to my honey y'have made many proffers,
I fear they'r all but tricks: here are his debts Gentlemen:
How I came by 'em I know best my self.
Take him before us faithfully for your husband
And he shall tear 'em all before your face Widow.

Val. Else may all faith refuse me.

2 Suter. Tear 'em honey

'Tis firm in Law, a consideration given:
What with thy teeth? thou'lt shortly rear her so
That's all my hope, thoud'ft never had 'em else
I've enough, and I will have my humour.

Ric. I'm now at liberty Widow.

Val. Ile be so too

And then I come to thee: give me this from yon Brother.

Bra. Hold Sister: Sister.

Val. Look you, the deed of gift sir, I'm as free
He that has me, has all, and thou art he.

1. 2. How's that?

Val. Y'ar bob'd, 'twas but a deed in trust
And all to prove thee, whom I have found most just.

Bra. I'm bob'd among the rest too: I'd have sworn
T'had been a thing for me, and my heirs for ever;
If I'd but got it up to the black box above
I had been past redemption

1 Suter. How am I cheated?

2 Suter. I hope you'll have the conscience now to pay me sir.

Ric. Oh wicked man, sower of strife and envy, open not thy lips.

2 Suter. How, how's this?

Ric. Thou hast no charge at all, no child of thine own
But two thou got'st once of a scowring woman,
And they are both well provided for, thei'r i'th hospitall,
Thou hast ten thousand pound to bury thee,

Hang

Hang thy self when thou wilt, a slave goe with thee

2 *Suter*. I'm gone, my goodnes comes all out together. *[Enter Violetta]*
I have enough, but I have not my humour.

Viol. O Master, Gentlemen : and you sweet Widow
I think you are no forwarder yet, I know not,
If ever you be sure to laugh agen,
Now is the time.

Val. Why what's the matter wench?

Viol. Ha, ha, ha.

Bra. Speak, speak.

Viol. Ha, a marriage, a marriage, I cannot tel't for laughing :
ha, ha.

Bra. A marriage doe you make that a laughing matter ? *[Enter*

Viol. Ha : I, and you'l make it so when you know all, *Francisco and*
Here they come, here they come, one man married to an *Ansaldo*
other.

Val. How ? man to man ?

Viol. I man to many faith

Ther'l be good sport at night to bring'em both to bed;

Doe you see 'em now, ha, ha, ha.

1 *Suter*. My daughter *Martia*.

Ans. Oh my Father your love, and pardon sir.

Val. 'Tis she indeed Gentlemen.

Ans. I have been disobedient I confess

Unto your mind, and Heaven has punish'd me

With much affliction since I fled your sight ;

But finding reconciliation from above

In peace of heart ; the next I hopes your love.

1 *Suter*. I cannot but forgive thee now I see thee,

Thou fledst a happy fortune of an old man,

But *Francisco's* of a noble family,

Though he be somewhat spent.

Fra. I lov'd her not sir

As she was yours, for I protest I knew't not,

But for her self sir, and her own deservings,

Which had you been as foul, as y'ave been spitefull

I should have lov'd in her.

1 *Suter*. Well, hold your prating sir,

Y'ar not like to loose by't.

Phil. Oh *Violetta*, who shall laugh at us now ?

Viol

Viol. The child unborn Mistris.

Ans. Be good.

Fra. Be honest.

Ans. Heav'n will not let you sin, and you'd be carefull.

Fra. What means it sends to help you, think and mend,
You'r as much bound as we, to praise that frend.

Phil. I am so, and I will so.

Ans. Marry you speedily,
Children tame you, you'l die like a wild beast els.

Viol. I by my troth should I, I've much adoe to forbear
Laughing now, more's my hard fortune. *Enter Martino.*

Mar. O Master, Mistris, and you gentles all;
To horse, to horse presently, if you mean to doe your Country any
service.

Bra. Art not asham'd *Martino*, to talk of horsing so openly
Before young married couples thus.

Mar. It do's concern the Common-wealth and me,
And you Master, and all : the Theeves are taken.

Ans. What sai'st *Martino*,

Mar. Law, here's Common-wealths-men,
The man of art Master, that cupt your eyes
Is prov'd an arrant rascall : and his man
That drew my tooth, an excellent purse-drawer,
I felt no pain in that, it went insensibly :
Such notable villanies confest.

Bra. Stop there fir :
Wee'l have time for them : Come gentle-folks,
Take a slight meal with us : but the best cheer
Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here. ——— *Exeunt.*



Prologue.

A Sport, only for Christmas, is the Play
This hour presents t' you; to make you merry,
Is all th' ambition 'thas; and fullest aym
Bent at your smiles, to win it self a name:
And if your edge be not quite taken off,
Wearied with sports, I hope 'twill make you laugh.

Epilogue.

S Tay, stay Sir, I'm as hungry of my Widdow
As you can be upon your Maid beleeve it,
But we must come to our desires in order,
There's duties to be paid, e'r we goe further;
Hee that without your likings, leaves this place,
Is like one falls to meat, and forgets grace.
And that's not handsome trust me, no,
Our rights being paid, and your loves understood,
My Widow, and my weat, then do's me good;
I ha' no money Wench, I told thee true,
For my report, pray let her hear't from you.

F I N I S.

